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VOGUE

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55 NEW LOOKS TO OWN RIGHT NOW...
AND LOVE EVERY MINUTE

GREAT SKIN
A FAMOUS DERMATOLOGIST TELLS WHEN IT CAN BE CREATED

WHAT MAKES CALIFORNIA GO



California presents the Galactic Galanos



and...

KENNETH PAUL BLOCK



Bonwit's Plaid Total:
the costume with
plus points...
double button coat
in turquoise
and mulberry
Anglo wool plaid.
the matching dress
yoked in solid turquoise.
By Adele Simpson.
485.00
Designer Salon
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BONWIT
TELLER

The Fantas



Max F

Who else could make that California look happen... the great golden glow that grows only under the Western sun.

The four Californians on this page look that way with the sunlit radiance of UltraLucent Make-ups by Max Factor and the fashion wizardry of California couturier, James Galanos.

Start your sunny look with the sheer delight of UltraLucent Fluid Make-up.

Add a special effect with

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Factor.

UltraLucent 'highlight. Flutter your eyes under Shadow Play Brush Eye Shadow. And complete your California look with UltraLucent Lipsticks in regular cremes or iridescent gleams.

You'll glow great under anybody's sun!



VERY *Saks Fifth Avenue*

Medium: grey wool jersey. Our own Sophie's two-part affair. Bounced with pleats. And belted with kid. $400.

AUGUST 15, 1967

INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR

VOGUE

AMERICAN BRITISH FRENCH ITALIAN AUSTRALIAN NEW ZEALAND

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DAVID BAILEY

COVER: One of the dandiest looks of all right now: the wide-eyed fawn-in-the-forest face that Mia sprang on the world when she chopped off her hair and let her ears point up Bambi-style in back of silky little sideburns. Here, Mia—whose début movie, *A Dandy in Aspic*, will be sprung on the world any day now—in the Saint Laurent pants tailleur and silver-chained Loden cloth cape that she bought for herself at his Rive Gauche Boutique and wore first in August 1 Vogue.

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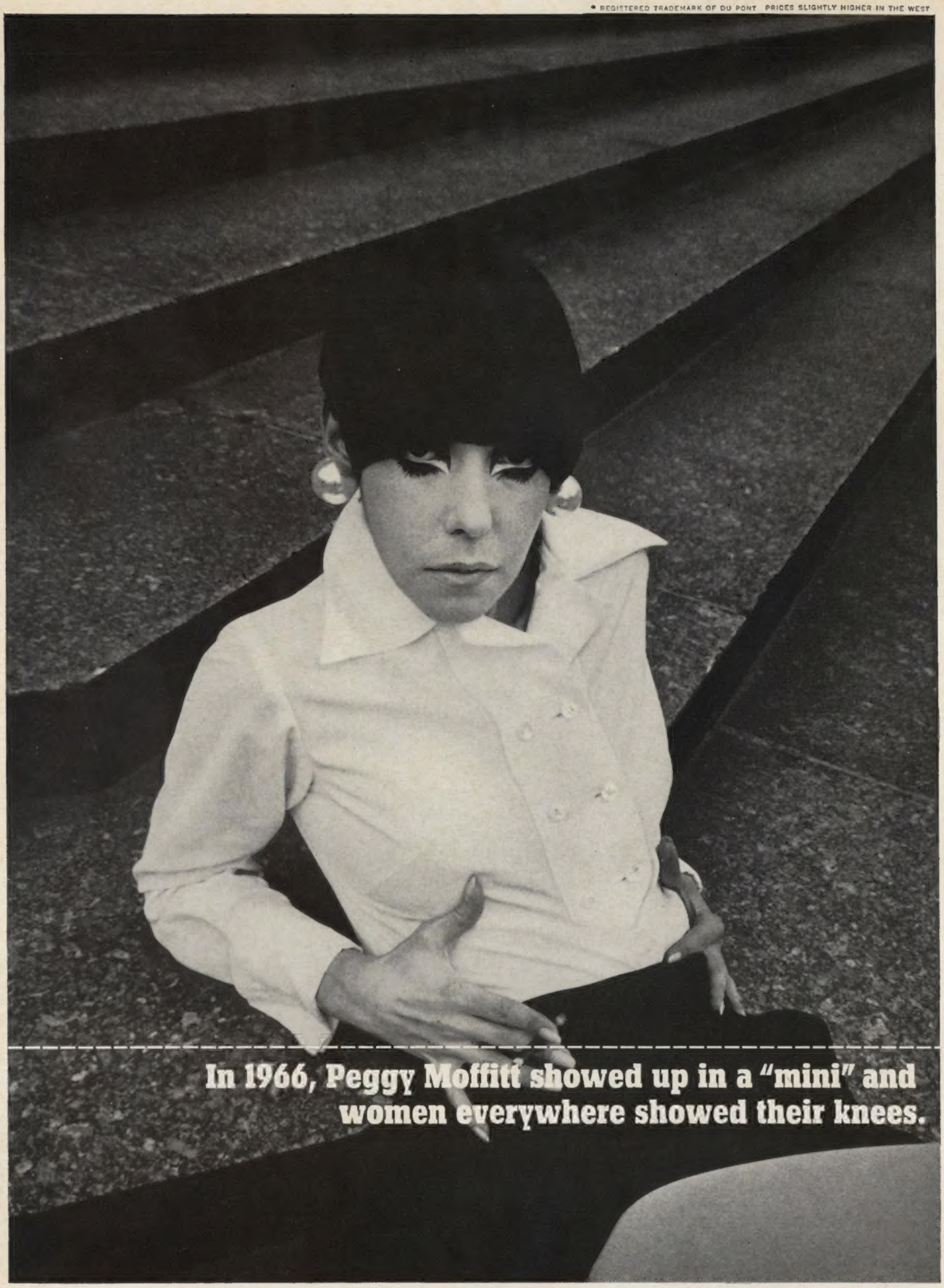
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She says, "The Body Shirt of Dacron® is next."

Peggy Moffitt, champion of the "mini" and first to bear the "topless," takes up with the "Body Shirt." It's the longer, leaner blouse without a blouse, in stretch crepe of 100% Dacron* polyester.
Slip into the "Body Shirt," in white, coral or aegean blue, about $14.00, sizes 8 to 18

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selects silk barathea
for his one-shoulder
evening glory,
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designed by
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for us


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California
COBBIERS



She says, "The Body Shirt of Orlon* is next."

Broadway bright light Elizabeth Allen is frequently first to dare to wear the new. Her newest fetish—the "Body Shirt," a longer, leaner look knit of Orlon* acrylic and wool. You can own it in white, gold, brown, green, gray, camel or black, about $16.00, sizes 8 to 16, by

GREGORY & GOLDBERG
AT ALL THE STORES OF
BONWIT TELLER.

LA COSTA IS THE SUPER SPA IN CALIFORNIA we think just might turn into the most legendary vacation spot of them all. Because it's a spa. It's a country club. It's a sports haven. It's a rest place. Offering unique accommodations to buy. Or rent. Or merely book for a weekend. What does one wear? The pure and the simple. Our hand-crocheted wool, for instance. Done in Portugal just for S.F.A., its bubbly stuff comes in nothing but champagne, of course. $125

VERY Saks Fifth Avenue



LA COSTA IS THE NAME OF THE PLACE we went to just for fun. And fun it is. With the most marvelous rejuvenation and vacation programming for all the family. Among the diversions—a stable full of splendid horses. To ride. Or simply to commune with. In the spirit of perfection that prevails here, S.F.A.'s own "Thoroughbreds." Uncommon clothes that are nonchalant. But flawless. Such as our English plaid costuming. Chinchilla cloth for the cape. Over a gabardine skim dress. The ensemble, butterscotch on white. $375.

VERY Saks Fifth Avenue



LA COSTA IS WHERE THE GAMES PEOPLE PLAY involve golf, shuffleboard, billiards, riding, sailing, fishing, surfing, and, of course, tennis. But if you're the lazy type, consider a Sauna. Or Roman Bath. Or Sun Slab. Well, you get the idea. Heading for the courts (there are four to be exact), our limber little tennis tunic. Nice-and-cool feeling, it's made of Kodel® polyester and Avril® rayon In white (natch), slyly striped with red and navy. $25

VERY Saks Fifth Avenue



LA COSTA IS WHERE THE WHOLE FAMILY PLAYS, meaning that its goodies are not only for the ladies. He, she, the kids—they all have their own facilities. Doubles of everything. Gymnasia. Barber Shop. Beauty Spot. Places to peel poundage painlessly. Siesta rooms to snooze privately. Everybody can go off solo. Or get together for things like golf. Which the S.F.A. pantdress and companion culotte partner admirably. In a "New Editions"* wool gabardine, striped yellow and black, they're $40 and $30 respectively. Black wool jersey shirt is $14

*Jes-a-tex fabric

VERY Saks Fifth Avenue



LA COSTA AT NIGHT LIGHTS UP with all kinds of excitement. But it's dinner that rather stands out in memory. Not only because the food is impressive. But maybe because this is the magic moment when everyone meets after a day of rejuvenation. Men are more handsome. Women terribly beautiful. And clothes frankly fabulous. Our evening duffle coat sums up what we mean. A thick creamy white, it's out of coachman cloth, with toggles of rhinestone instead of wood. How's that for off-beat elegance? $160

VERY Saks Fifth Avenue



LA COSTA LIVES AT CARLSBAD-BY-THE-SEA but being California, one body of water is hardly enough. In addition to the splendors of breathtaking countryside and delicious weather, there are one, two, three, four—fresh water pools. Plus a lagoon. And the whole Pacific Ocean. For the swimmer or sun-worshiper (and of sun there is always more than enough), our exclusive mosaic of color. Sleek and silky in a mix of nylon and spandex. Climbing way down in front and way down again in back. $30

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2nd Debut Face-Lift gives an ageless look—

more fascinating than either youth or beauty!

Tell yourself it's true, because you'll see it happen to you, and nothing could bring you more happiness when it does. This new, 2nd Debut face-lift will give you the look you have desired desperately, the appearance of agelessness—the look so thoroughly unrevealing, your cleverest rival could not guess how old or young you really are. Yours will be the ageless look that fascinates college seniors and retired widowers alike. The experience and charm that make a woman so intriguing will be in your face, but not the harsh lines that unjustly announce the year in which you were born.

The principle of the *2nd Debut* face-lift is rational and simple. It offers the advantages of result—certainly without risk—and best of all—no sagging later on. Your lift can be as permanent as you want it to be. A self-given application, with fair frequency whenever you feel so disposed and your new ageless look will remain with you indefinitely. Women in their 60's, abroad and here, are enjoying the fruits of their *2nd Debut* face lifts every day.

HOW TO GET IT FOR YOURSELF

Your lift is in a bottle containing a non-oily, pleasantly scented emulsion named *2nd Debut*. At night, before retiring, and after your make-up has been removed and your facial skin is free from traces of cleansing cream, you smooth a small amount of *2nd Debut* over your face and neck. Spread it gently with a circular motion of your finger tips, until it vanishes into your skin. Now is when your lift begins. There is no stretching the skin—no peeling—nothing more than just a simple and delightful few minutes with yourself each night before retiring for a half dozen or a dozen nights in succession. You will accomplish much by actually lifting the age lines out of your face. Day by day you watch the lines around your eyes, over your cheek bones, around your nose and at the corners of your mouth lessen and lessen as they become more difficult to find. This simple nightly routine will keep your face in this new state as long as you want to enjoy an ageless look. Discontinue the treatment whenever you wish. Resume it when you see the need to. Succeeding courses will be every bit as effective as the first.

After age 25, in the female, the cells of the skin usually begin to shrink in size due to reduced ability to obtain water and retain it. Skin then dries and "falls in." These areas are the lines that are so worrisome because lines can become wrinkles that give the "over 35" look a grasp on appearance that is difficult to break.

It is by making water moisture available to this dried out skin that surface lines are first softened until they nearly, or completely vanish from even the closest scrutiny of the skin's surface—*your face*. The discovery by German scientists for getting youth-giving water to the dried out skin is regarded so importantly that scientific journals in many countries herald it as a major contribution to knowledge in this century.

The process is simple and natural. It is based upon resupplying to the skin the natural ingredient, or "aid," through which the skin obtains and retains water-moisture. This ingredient is designated CEF, which means *C*ellular *E*xpansion *F*actor. This "aid" to water-moisture absorption, when spread over the skin's surface, actually carries with it molecules of pure water to the water-starved skin. It is then the "lift" begins. It is then facial lines on the surface start to smooth out to become less and less visible on the surface. CEF is available in the U.S.A. in the form of a non-greasy, lightly scented emulsion labeled *2nd Debut*. You can get it in two potencies; *2nd Debut* (with CEF 600) for the woman under 45, and *2nd Debut* (with CEF 1200) for the older woman. Either will make and keep every woman looking younger than her years—truly ageless.

Money-back guarantee.

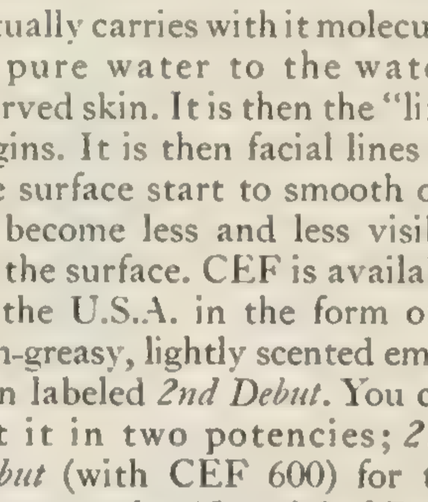
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WITH CEF 600

A SECOND DEBUT FOR MOTHER

At Better Department and Drug Stores

ARRIVALS, LTD., CHICAGO, U.S.A.





2nd Début

with CEF 600

FOR THE LADY WITH EARLY WORRIES

Now, you can lift your face out of worrisome lines and premature wrinkles quite quickly. Night and morning applications of 2nd Debut (with CEF 600) deep, deep-moisturize the skin to smooth out lines. As lines vanish, your skin appears smoother and more youthful-looking at once. Dryness goes. The effect is lasting. 2nd Debut (with CEF 600), 4 oz. size is $3.00.

2nd Début

with CEF 1200

FOR THE OVER 40 FACE



This double-potency 2nd Debut is for the impatient lady who wants visible results without delay—or for you if your facial lines are deep. It smooths out age lines faster. In only a few days you see a marked change take place until you can't even find lines that once shouted. 2nd Debut (with CEF 1200) is also greaseless and is used under makeup as well as nightly for uninterrupted deep moisturizing. 4 oz. bottle is $5.00.



2nd Début

LIQUID CLEANSER

One quick cleansing with 2nd Debut Liquid Cleanser will more than surprise you. It will astound you! You will agree you have never seen your skin so really clean. Never! This cleanser is very different. It's a rich liquid you spread on your face and neck. Allow it to remain there one minute, then—dowse your skin with cool water. The 2nd Debut Liquid Cleanser dissolves into the water and flows away, taking with it such imbedded dirt and cosmetic residue that you never suspected were there. See your skin glow with new cleanliness. Feel it softer too. The 2 oz. bottle of 2nd Debut Liquid Cleanser is $3.00. 4 oz. size, $5.00.



2nd Début

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A welcomed sensation in body and hand grooming. Imparts a feeling of smoothness and luxury to the body that makes you regard yourself with extra importance. And its CEF 600 richness quickly defeats the cause of chapping and roughness with its deep moisturizing of your hands. This is a dual-purpose balm with an immediate and pleasurable effect. $3.00 per 6 ounce bottle.

Kimberly



The three piece suit in pure wool knit. About $100. Bergdorf Goodman, Neiman Marcus, Marshall Field & Co., Bullock's.

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Going west . . . the winning Villager® way

This page, left: Front-pleated coat in apple green-gold wool Scotch tweed, (V-83) 65.00 Matching suede-trimmed sleeveless skimmer with belt, to wear or not, (V-84) 30.00 Both in sizes 8 to 16.

Above: Full-fashioned Shetland wool sweater, sizes 34 to 40 (V-85) 14.00 Wool hopsacking shorty hipster, in sizes 6 to 14 (V-86) 16.00 Both, goldenrod, Dutch blue or apple green.

Opposite page, left: Plaid wool suit with Norfolk jacket and straight skirt, predominantly goldenrod or celery green, sizes 8 to 16 (V-87) 46.00

Above: Plaid wool skimmer in charcoal-goldenrod or camel tan-bittersweet, 6 to 16, (V-88) 26.00

Below: Embroidery-trimmed wool pullover. Apple green or Dutch blue, 34 to 40 (V-89) 16.00 Glen plaid wool Bermudas in bittersweet, apple green or Dutch blue, sizes 8 to 16 (V-90) 16.00

Villager® Corner, 4th Floor.

Best & Co.

Fifth Ave. at 51 St., New York, N. Y. 10022


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Via Villager®... casual travel at its best

This page, left: Wool chenille pullover in Dutch blue or apple green, 34 to 40 (V-75) 16.00 Color-matched A-line skirt in checked wool hopsacking, 6 to 16 (V-76) 16.00 V-neck wool cardigan, stripe-trimmed. Dutch blue or apple green. 34 to 40 (V-77) 15.00 Matching track-striped long sleeve cotton shirt, in sizes 8 to 16 (V-78) 7.00 Shetland wool A-line skirt, sizes 6 to 16 (V-79) 16.00

Above: Pointelle wool pullover in navy with red embroidered flowers, sizes 34 to 40 (V-80) 18.00 Bias plaid bonded wool skirt, predominantly red or navy, sizes 6 to 16, (V-81) 16.00

Opposite page: Flip-skirted skimmer with long striped bodice, hip belt. Wool knit in navy-red or Dutch blue-apple green, 6 to 16 (V-82) 30.00

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[illegible] with a Mini.
[illegible] for [illegible].
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Pullover, three-quarter sleeved
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In sizes 34-40, about $10.
Skirt in sizes 8-18, about $12.

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dress [illegible]
that summer sun,
write to Talbott Knitting Mills,
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1407 Broadway, New York.
For the Location
[illegible] Talbott dealer [illegible].

talbott
Orlon

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From the treasured art of Eastern Empires comes Constantine. A new heirloom of exquisite taste, elegance and classic beauty. Slim rim. Richly ornamented with a fine platinum band. $27.95 the 5-piece place setting. Other fine Masterpiece Original patterns from $17.95 to $44.95.

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CHARLES COOPER designs the ***SILVERADO*** collection. . .

These are the clothes for the luxe life at Silverado Country Club in Northern California's beautiful Napa Valley.
The clothes you see here and on the following pages, photographed on the magnificent grounds of the Club.

Altman's, New York • Nan Duskin, Philadelphia • J. W. Robinson, Los Angeles • Joseph Horne, Pittsburgh • Halle Bros., Cleveland • Frederick & Nelson, Seattle



CHARLES COOPER does this superbly simple collection in a new color, Silverado.
The superb background: The Silverado Country Club where the historic clubhouse dates from 1889.

Lazarus, Columbus • Bramson, Chicago • Harold's, Minneapolis • Woolf Bros., Kansas City • Miss Jackson, Tulsa • Frost Bros., San Antonio

Hats by Anello for Emme

SILVERADO COUNTRY CLUB is the setting for these Charles Cooper clothes of Staron's worsted crepe. The collection, in sizes 6 to 14, available at every store listed on these four pages.

Burdine's, Miami • John Baldwin, Florida • Esther Wolf, Houston • Nebraska Co., Omaha • Gano-Downs, Denver • Sara Fredericks, Boston



SILVERADO COUNTRY CLUB is the place for the beautiful life. Golf, tennis and swimming are part of the beautiful picture—so are the weekend cottages, the fairway homes, the hillside manors. . .Charles Cooper designs the clothes-plan here in Silverado color. Clothes shown, from a collection starting at $125.

Maison Blanche, New Orleans • Leppert/ Roos, Clayton, Mo. • Balliet's, Oklahoma City • Cele Peterson, Tucson • Ransohoff's, San Francisco • Liberty House, Honolulu

*REGISTERED TRADEMARK OF DU PONT



In 1964, Sam Jones said boots were the chic step to take, and eight million women stepped out in them.

She says, "The Body Shirt of Dacron® is next!"

When Samantha Jones models a new idea one day, it's a trend the next. Her "Body Shirt," the skinny-mini way for blouses to look, is double knit of 100% Dacron* polyester. In beige, orange, emerald, brown, gold, about $23.00, 8 to 16 sizes. By **MALBE** AT ALL THE STORES OF **LORD & TAYLOR.**



Princess Galitzine

takes over the great galas and the
little parties, too, reserving
her collection for Lord & Taylor alone.
Here, her new side paneled wool crepe
in white or brilliant pink, 125.00
Evening Salon, Third Floor
and all Lord & Taylor stores



Michel Goma

has sent to Lord & Taylor alone
his collection designed for
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Robert Randall

"No Debate": The Wines of California

By Hugh Johnson

EDITOR'S NOTE: Hugh Johnson is knowledgeable, young, and owns a cellar far bigger and better than he can afford. For several years he was the editor of the London magazine *Wine & Food* as well as general secretary of the Wine & Food Society. Now twenty-eight, he is a notable wine expert. His new book, *Wine* (for which he spent months interviewing the vintners of Europe and California), will be published by Simon & Schuster in September. These days he is at work on a book of English country mansions, editing a new edition of Lord Byron's *Don Juan* and, for the British, an edition of Frank Schoonmaker's *Encyclopedia of Wine*. For relaxation, he is writing a book on picnics.

They all do it. It seems to me that every citizen of San Francisco has at some time put me on the spot with two wineglasses and a certain expression on his face, and I know that one of the glasses contains a Napa Valley wine and the other a famous red Bordeaux. Or one contains a Ficklin Tinta Port and the other the Portuguese model. Or conceivably one contains a succulent dry white Pinot Chardonnay from some dedicated wine maker in the Sonoma hills, while the other, a fat yellow glass that makes my mouth water to think of it, holds the ripe, autumnal breath of Burgundy, a Montrachet, or my name's General de Gaulle.

The point they are rightly making with this rather alarmingly hospitable gesture is that the finest of their local wines—and virtually all California's best wines are local to San Francisco—are comparable with the classic wines of Europe.

The trick, to get the visitor to identify the Napa wine as a château-bottled St. Émilion, rarely works, in fact, for the simple reason that to someone who has never tasted California wines before they taste unfamiliar. I am so used to, say, Bordeaux, that I immediately know that the Napa wine is something else. A San Franciscan with a trained palate, on the other hand, is so familiar with both that he can confuse the two. It may sound unlikely, but you should hear my mother calling me by my brother's name.

We can lay aside, then, the old and unfinished debate about whether California wine is better or worse than European wine. It is different. And it is very, very good.

It will surprise nobody to hear that California wine is better in some departments than in others. After all, in Europe there is no vineyard which makes more than one kind of wine. Either it makes table wine, or sweet wine, or aperitif wine, or sparkling wine. Very few make both red and white. Specialization, in other words, is complete.

California wine makers commonly produce a range which in Europe would take the difference in climate between northern Germany and southern Spain to grow. Small wonder if it is the wines in the middle—let us say the ones comparable to the mid-to-southern French wines—which usually come off best.

In California, as in France, the makers of fine wine are in a minority; those of great wine, in a tiny, idealistic class by themselves. For every bottle of first-growth wine that France makes, she makes two or three hundred of coarse, characterless, blended wine, and perhaps fifteen to twenty bottles of good, intermediate wine of regional character which is still a long way from being great.

The proportion of great to good to ordinary is much the same in California, with the difference that on the whole the ordinary—the gallon jug of Burgundy in supermarkets—is a little less ordinary than the French *onze-degrés*. California sunshine gives at least the body which France's basic daily wine so often lacks.

All California's fine, dinner-party wine comes from a radius of a hundred miles or so from San Francisco. There, where sea fogs penetrate inland through the Golden Gate and over the Coast Range, as far north as the Russian River and as far south as San Juan Bautista, as far inland as the gravelly flats of Livermore, growing conditions are right for fine wine grapes. Gentle even ripening, moisture at night, warm soil, and well-drained slopes bring to perfection the delicate Pinot and the Riesling, the Cabernet, the Sauvignon, and the Gewürztraminer.

The emphasis is all on the grape. French connoisseurship consists of knowing where a wine comes from; Californian, of knowing what grape a wine is made of. Certain basic area differences stick in the mind: The Livermore valley (what there is left of it after the heartless subdividing of good vineyards for housing) is best for whites; the Napa valley gives rare distinction to reds. But labels are read and remembered by grape, not place.

You can be sure that if the grape varietal (ugly but inescapable word) name does not appear on a label, the wine has no special pretension to quality. Such wines, known as generics, are named for European wine types or areas—Hock, Burgundy, Chablis. America's best-value carafe wine is found in this category: notably in the blended reds labelled Burgundy. Superior quality, though, starts with varietal names.

Two grapes stand in a class by themselves, making California's really outstanding, special-occasion wine. The white grape, already famous for making the white wines of Burgundy, is the Pinot Chardonnay. The red, familiar from the red of Bordeaux, is the Cabernet Sauvignon.

If you have a picture in your mind of an ideal white wine—of something golden, succulent, dry but at the same time rich, delicate but satisfying, something which smells of peaches and apricots and tastes as subtle as the most fabulous sauce—you must have tasted (or dreamed of) a bottle of a great Pinot Chardonnay.

The Pinot Chardonnay, in French terms, is not only the grape of Montrachet and Meursault, but also, in a blend with the black Pinot, of Champagne. You can be excused, therefore, for being reminded of champagne by the soft, fresh scent of a well-chilled bottle. It drinks beautifully with every kind of seafood; with a chicken in a cream sauce, or plain grilled; with a cold luxurious lunch—but it reminds me, with great waves of nostalgia, of the rex sole, the abalone, the prawns, and the crab of San Francisco, Monterey, Carmel, and Pebble Beach. I once even took a bottle, warned of the difficulties of supply, to Alaska to drink with king crab and king salmon. It was a gastronomic honeymoon. Good to think that Almadén has one of the world's biggest plantings of this glorious grape.

In many ways the Cabernet-Sauvignon (one sometimes wishes the names were a little pithier, more succinct) is the red opposite number of the Pinot Chardonnay. What Bordeaux gave America as a classic, slightly austere grape, California has romanticized. Where claret, the wine it makes in France, is dry to the point of astringency, no more feminine than the tang of cedarwood and Havana in a cigarbox, the California article is more alluring. There is a hint of sweetness in the taste, a suggestion of flowers in the perfume.

When you need a full-bodied red wine—for beef, game, or lamb; for rack, casserole, or sirloin—a mature Cabernet-Sauvignon (which means one a good six years old) is the best wine America makes. Louis M. Martini, Souverain Cellars, Beaulieu Special Reserve are excellent specimens.

If these are California's super-wines, the next rank, made with half a dozen of the other classic grapes of France and Germany, falls behind by the merest grape skin.

Above all, the grape of white Bordeaux, the Sauvignon Blanc, seems to find the Livermore val-

(Continued on page 40)


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California Wines

(Continued from page 32)

ley perfectly to its taste. It makes a drier, firmer, less succulent wine than the Pinot Chardonnay—perhaps the best of all California's wines with oysters. Wente Brothers' Sauvignon Blanc is a wine to mark on your card.

The red Burgundy grape, the Pinot Noir, gives its unmistakable, velvety character to the wine California makes from it. It never quite makes great wine in California but it runs true to type in producing a fine one. Charles Krug, Beaulieu Vineyards, and Heitz Cellars make outstanding examples. Most famous of all, perhaps, is Paul Masson's Pinot Noir: I have found it consistently good.

The same is true of Germany's Riesling (known as the Johannisberg Riesling, to distinguish it from a Riesling type of wine made, confusingly, from the other German grape, the Sylvaner). It is good; rarely, if ever, great. Here the reason is clearer: In Germany the grapes barely ripen, whereas in California they reach the limit of sweetness year after year.

California Riesling, therefore, tends to be gentle and soft in flavour, although quite high in alcohol. To me it is essentially hot-summer-evening wine; chilled till beads of dew stand on the bottle, with cold mousses and things-in-aspic, or occasionally with a glorious Chinese feast.

One grape, though, I find, makes better wine in California than it does in France. It is the Gewürztraminer, a spicy distant relation of the table muscat. Whereas in Alsace, where it is most grown in Europe, it is rather monotonously exotic, so spice-scented and penetratingly flavoured as to be exhausting, in California it gives a gentler, more subtle wine, good for anything you would drink Riesling with, and often better. Almadén, Louis M. Martini, and Buena Vista make very good Gewürztraminers.

Of the good ordinary wines, the kind that in France would be known as *vin du pays* as opposed to *vin ordinaire*, the most widespread and welcome is the red Zinfandel. The catchword is "California's Beaujolais." Like Beaujolais, Zinfandel is plentiful (the most-grown grape in the state), cheap, and the kind of wine you drink now rather than waiting for the cobwebs to gather. It is less like Beaujolais to taste, however: stronger, darker, more the kind of thing you would be happy to find in the Italian countryside. The only kind of dinner party for Zinfandel is a hot-night barbecue. Forget all the Emily Post about wine and serve it chilled. At other times of year let it take its place as the wine for lunch or supper, and keep the Cabernet for dinner parties.

There is no exact white equivalent to the Zinfandel, but half a dozen varieties between them fill the same rôle. The suppertime whites cover the spectrum of taste from light, sappy, and very dry to golden-yellow and sweet. Never very sweet; there is no California equivalent of Château Yquem. The Sémillon Blanc is golden and mellow; the Emerald Riesling is tart and thirst-quenching. Above all there is Paul Masson's delicate Emerald Dry.

Between the two come the Pinot Blanc, which falls a little short of the Pinot Chardonnay in the same dry, savoury style, and the Chenin Blanc, which, like its ancestors in the Loire Valley, makes wine either dry or sweet to order.

Again in this category come California's rosé wines; best of all Grenache Rosé and, almost as good, Gamay. Almadén, egged on and abetted by Frank Schoonmaker, was the rosé pioneer. Rosés are so linked in my mind with picnics that I can not think of them without the props: the sparkling creek cooling the bottle, the garnet patterns the bottle weaves on the pebbles, and the cherry-red freshness of it in a green shade.

I have left sparkling wines and sherry and port to the last. Everyone has his favourites; I certainly have mine. The making of sparkling wine is such a specialized performance that some of the best firms—Korbel Broth-

(Continued on page 79)



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POLLY BERGEN TALKS TURTLE

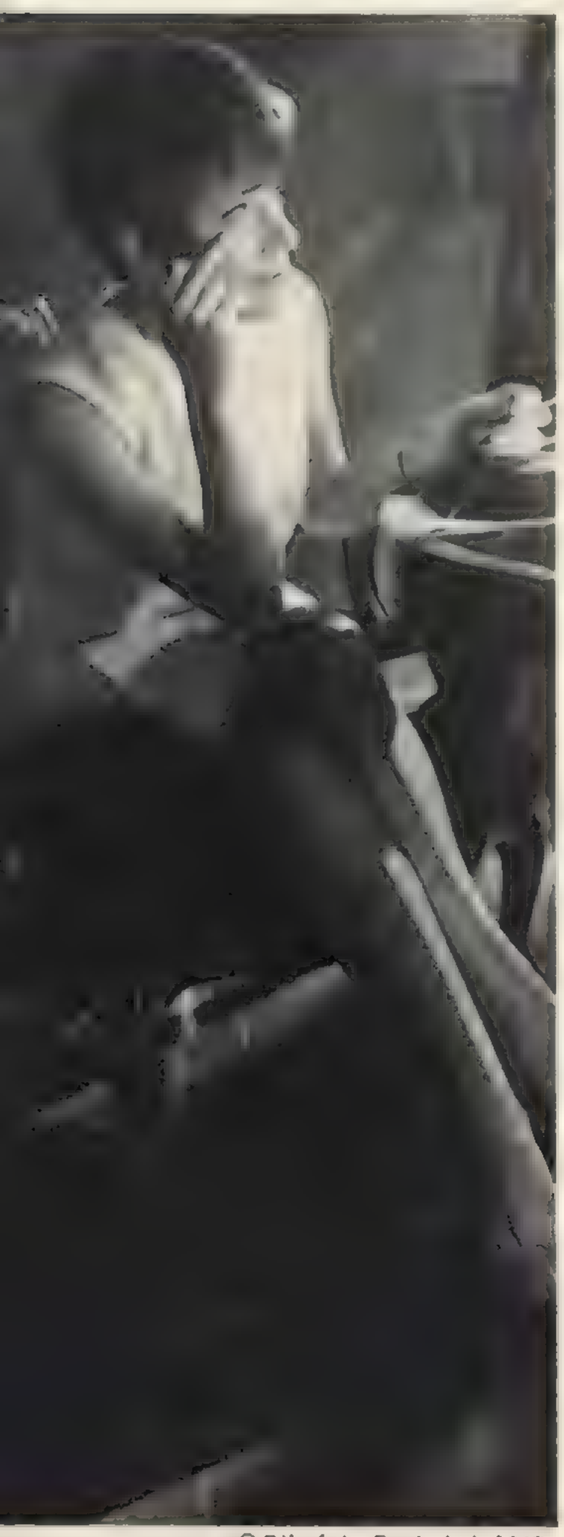
"I have an ugly friend

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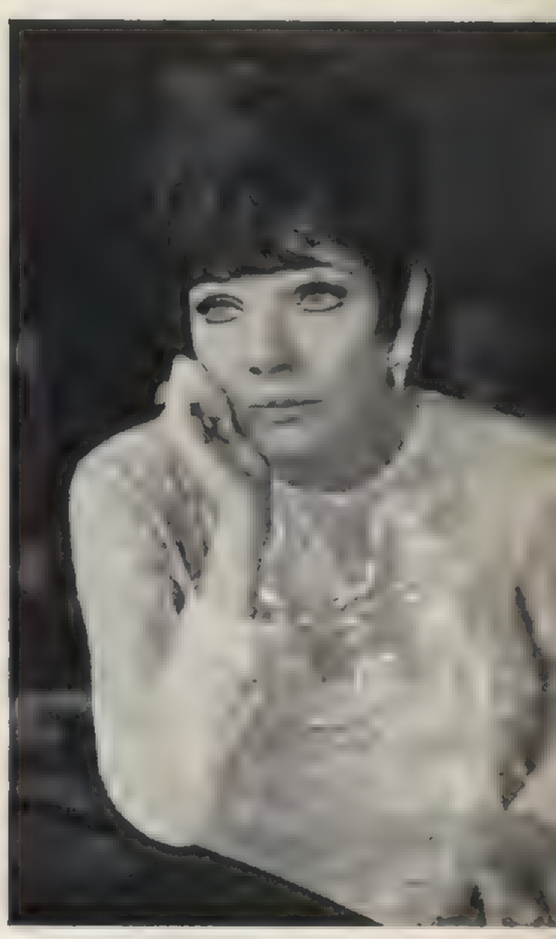
"For years, I'd wake up in the morning with skin that was so flaky and dry it would actually hurt around the corners of my eyes. And, as if inheriting a thin fair Irish skin wasn't enough trouble, there was wind and indoor heat, air-conditioning, sun, and let's not even mention smog. Today's climate and hectic pace are not exactly kind to our complexions.

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BEAUTY CHECKOUT

August 15

Beauty: Los Angeles house tour

As stated on page 163: you can't really live the California beauty life unless you partake of some form of house-to-house beauty service. Massage by a *motorcycle-borne masseuse,* for instance. Or *isometric facial exercises* by someone like Romana de Vries who circulates among the houses of clients in the Beverly Hills-Bel Air realm. Or *training* (California-ese for custom-made, custom-directed exercise) by someone like Mike Abrums who, on a house-calls-only basis, acts as trainer for some of Los Angeles's most beautiful people. Or *at-home hairdressing* by Julius Bengtsson, whose entire hairdressing practice is house-tour. (While Mrs. Delmer Daves's hair dries, he rushes around to Cyd Charisse to do a combout, then sets or combs his way back to Mary Lou Daves's via other appreciative clients—Mrs. William Wilson, Mrs. Earle Jorgensen, Irene Dunne.) Orange Julius, as he's called by his devotees (after the California orange drink of that name), specializes in "kind" hairdressing. His regulars insist you "drop ten years when Orange Julius has done your hair." Claims supported. Twisted, tousled hair is the look he likes. Not a hard line anywhere....

The Carrie of the new California nation

Same view—"kind" hairdressing—could be said to be the thing of Carrie White, girl hairdresser, the West Coast Lilly Pulitzer of hairdom. Her Beverly Hills salon —which, like its owner, is precisely the right temperature of Cool—beams with success. In a year's time, this young woman has made her name, and no wonder: she's quick, loves handling hairpieces, has a radar for the grey area of hair-dressing that goes beyond chic and into coiffure-cruelty, and will have none of it. Secrets? "None. I *look* at the face. I *look* at the hair. I tease only near the scalp—this way the hair holds but still looks soft and natural." Watching her do a fast repair job for Mrs. Alfred Bloomingdale, you'd agree: good handling. In Betsy Bloomingdale's case, everything depends on hair lifting away like licks of flame from the face. Short cut at back winds up in a fishtaily, feminine nape-curl. "I use thinning shears to blunt cut—they're not so blunt," says the nation's newest Carrie....

Upstairs above the Downstairs, Beverly Hills

Not kind, but smart, clean, practical, demanding, is the short-short cut that keeps the Gene Shacove salon humming. Gene Shacove Upstairs is for pretty young women, mainly—while Gene Shacove Downstairs has been turned into a barber-shop in which men are barbered, trimmed, manicured by dedicated little barber-esses in mini-skirted T-shirts.... Shacove's beautiful-girl clients are the creatures who wear the smallest dresses at The Daisy (to which place they go these nights after their eleventh or twelfth viewing of *Don't Look Back,* the Bob Dylan groove-movie that opened in Los Angeles late June). And what those girls don't know about *eye makeup,* isn't to be known. They've taken lessons....

California and the massage message

Hardly an exercise salon or gym to be found in California that doesn't offer, as a matter of course (and often it is precisely that: a *part* of a course), services of a masseur or a masseuse. The celebrated still-practising "trainers" of the early film stars have affiliated masseuses; the newer "contract gyms" where you sign up for a year's membership contract (a branch of salesmanship into which, interestingly, many former Arthur Murray dancing teachers have migrated) have optional massage. So has Bruce Conner's physiotherapy gym (see page 161) and we find this significant. In the lit. in which Conner describes his gym's services, he speaks of the availability of "expert corrective massage." Corrective though it may be—soothing, or stimulating to circulation—Conner wants this made clear: "Massage can't do your reduction job for you. You can't break down fatty tissue with massage; can't destroy living cells with vibration, shaking, or massage." Exercise and diet: something else again....

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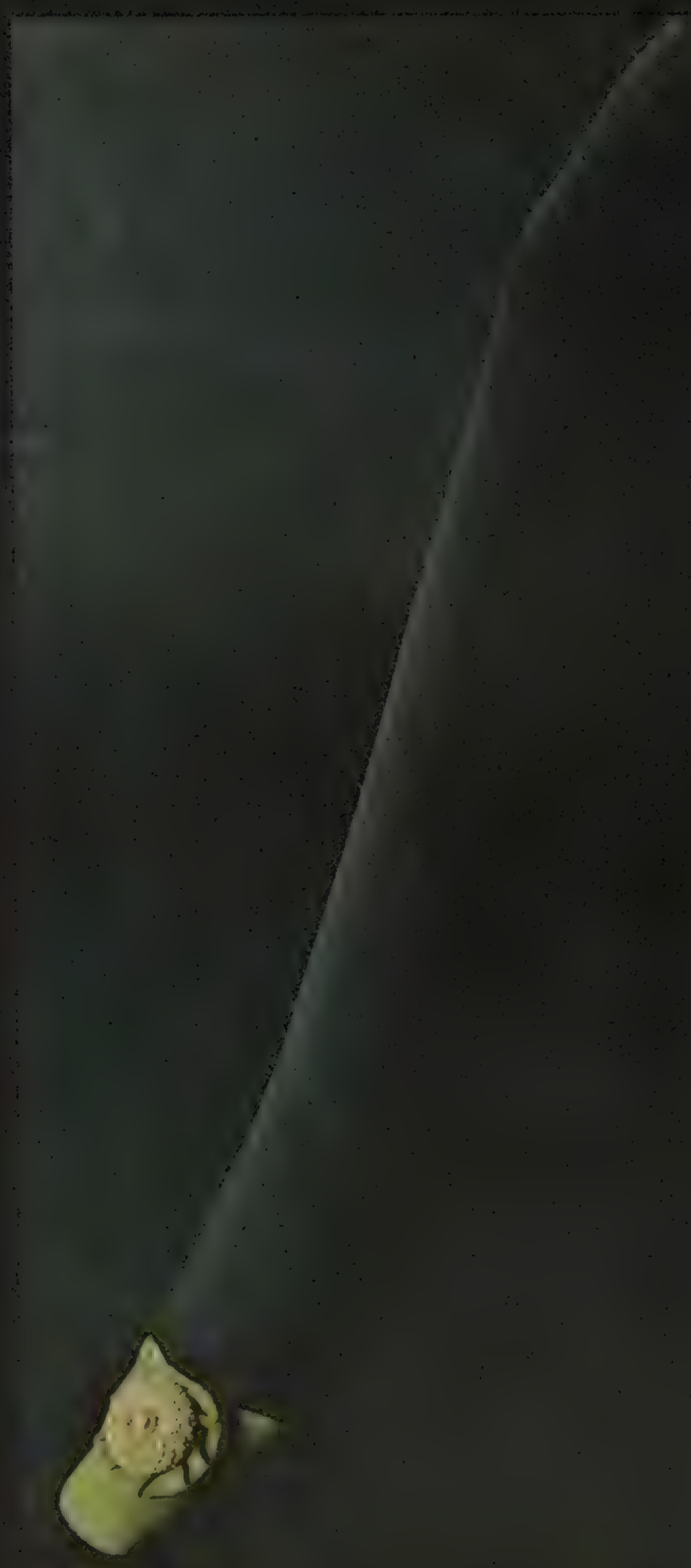
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She says, "The Body Shirt of Dacron® is next."

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SIDNEY HELLER AT ALL THE STORES OF **BLOOMINGDALE'S.**

VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

Back to basics

So we exercise, wear pretty clothes, use subtle make-up. Still the basics of beauty stay the same: disciplined routine for facial care, and moisture, moisture, moisture. Basically, there you have the Viviane Woodard philosophy, that firm being one of the first to discover, years ago, that moisture means manna to the skin. (V.W. suggestion: water from your own tap as an embellishment of just about every V.W. invention.) Now in an extension of the dewy-bloom approach, V.W. brings the Primeval ensemble, a triple-play for mature complexions. (*Brings* is the right word, via visits house-to-house.) The toning lotion, cleanser, and night cream are enriched with protein. Your skin seems to drink it all in. Feels delicious. Silky. Fresh. With goodies like these, who needs discipline?

Neutral corner

Isn't it funny, there are fashions in everything. The latest to-do is about transparent soap. One well-known maker, Neutrogena, has come out with a big, bath-size bar—the Imperial, no less—probably by way of pushing their luck. Neutrogena (yes, the same clear soap many dermatologists recommend for sensitive skin), is nearly neutral in the alkaline bit to protect your pH balance. Has all the advantages of soap, plus moisturizing. Plus almost exorbitant lather. Plus massaging agent for nose-chin areas where most disturbances begin. As for effect: don't we all want to look polished, glossy, rosy clean? P.S. As Neutrogena has a neutral scent—just smells fresh—good for the good guys too.

Who wants it?

Facial hair is just about the most unwanted thing—short of a wolfhound in a small flat—we can think of. Lots of women have it. There are many good products to melt, shave, wax it off. A growing number of women are discovering a home electrolysis hair remover, Perma Tweez, made by General Medical Company. Home electrolysis might sound scary but Perma Tweez isn't—for a very good reason. A patented device was devised to prevent puncturing the skin. If it isn't directed correctly and doesn't find the follicle, the stylet simply retracts and nothing happens. When you aim it right, into a pore, the stylet finds and destroys the hair root. Perma Tweez works on a battery, has a magnifying glass affixed. Knowing how skittish women can be, the makers suggest starting slowly and with hair on your legs. Good idea. Builds confidence. And *that* steadies the hand. . . .

California designs

DAVID MASSEY



Franciscan's Masterpiece China is designed and made in California. Here, "Gold Band" dinner plate, $5.25 ea. at Altman's in New York. With it, handmade sterling silver pieces by Allan Adler. His Modern Georgian flat silver is $89 a 6-pc. place setting. 8626 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, 90069. French printed linen tablecloth by Porthault, at The Staircase, 9532 Santa Monica Blvd., Beverly Hills. Pasco goblets from Jurgensen's, 842 E. California Ave., Pasadena, California.



Altina Schinasi is a California artist whose paintings on marine plywood become fantasy chairs and benches. Acrylic paint in brilliant colours is durable enough to be indoors or out. Here, left and below, two of these witty chairs to order through decorators at Chairs Unlimited, Los Angeles, California.



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Don Loper

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the knit: on-the-go-trio . . . arriving via Italy. No stopovers for pressing . . . it's carefree imported wool, full fashioned; the jacket front panelled in polished pony. Black or taupe. At Haggarty's, 8 to 16 sizes, **$136** by

BANFF

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alex colman

The scene: the sun-splashed desert in the mountain setting of the Holiday Inn Riviera in Palm Springs . . . minutes away from the world's fastest tram ride . . . a walk away from its own golf course and pool. Small talk: children under 12 are free in parent's room in any Holiday Inn.

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When your mood is mink...

the coat: a casual elegante, cossack collared to the waist in natural ranch mink that snaps off Suri mohair and wool fleece. Front tie belt...sweeping back. 6 to 16 sizes; bitter lime, olive, ritual red and other high fashion colors, with coordinating mink tones. At Haggarty's. **$250** by

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AT ALL THE STORES OF
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VOGUE'S

Gala in the Music Center of Los Angeles County



1



2



3

They came with a rush: the celebrations welcoming the Mark Taper Forum and the Ahmanson Theatre to the complex including the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion. Clustered on their own colonnaded and fountained plateau overlooking the flash and glimmer of Los Angeles the three theatres were designed by the architect Welton Becket to rally all the performing arts. This month the round Mark Taper Forum with its plum-blue seats will contain Friedrich Duerrenmatt's play, *The Marriage of Mr. Mississippi,* while the Odori Festival of Japan runs next door in the handsome Ahmanson Theatre with its black-brown walls and red seats. Anticipating this sweeping, world-wide range of entertainment, Los Angelenos opened the new buildings with a splurge of parties.



4



5

NOTEBOOK



6



7



8

1. The Mark Taper Forum. 2. Mrs. Norman Chandler, Governor and Mrs. Ronald Reagan. 3. Mr. and Mrs. Howard Ahmanson. 4. Left to right: Mrs. Henry Berger, Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer Hall at a supper party in the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion. 5. Mr. and Mrs. Kellogg Emerson Spear. 6. Mrs. John Swope (the actress Dorothy McGuire). 7. Miss Natalie Wood, Mr. Richard Harris. 8. Mr. and Mrs. Gregory Peck. 9. Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Becket, Mr. Welton Becket. 10. Mr. Norman Chandler. Mr. and Mrs. Norton Simon.



9



10

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VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK:

BOOKS

By JEAN STAFFORD

Signs and Wonders, "*hazardous, tender, doomed romance*"

"Everything becomes transformed beneath my eyes, becomes polluted in my hands; God is my malady." This self-judgment is pronounced by Nicolas Léclusier, the pre-eminent star in the broad galaxy of *Signs and Wonders* (Farrar, Straus and Giroux), the sixth novel by Françoise Mallet-Joris. Mme. Mallet-Joris, still in her thirties, has a robust and fluent talent that feeds an elaborate reticulum of tributaries: She has the gifts of narrative design, of meditative interpolation that is never didactic and never irrelevant, of Theophrastan portraiture; she can reveal landscapes, interiors, physiognomies, meals, skies quickly and acutely without ever resorting to inventory; she can enter the bedrooms of lovers with the propriety of a misty wind. She is a most womanly writer but she is tailored rather than furbelowed.

Léclusier, a novelist, is, on the one hand, urbane and, as a functioning social being, is resigned to the incoherences of the present time. On the other hand, as an individual, he is confounded in his tortuous hunting down of truth and of God. He doubts the authenticity of signs; he bemoans the impurity of wonders: "Things persisted in having meanings, they refused to be merely dazzling wonders, meteors that brought nothing in their wake." He is in the habit of addressing God "often and flippantly" as only someone seriously involved in the God-dilemma can do.

Léclusier's parents, unmarried, preoccupy him. His father is a lawyer in Paris, a bibliophile, a connoisseur of wine, a collector of virtu, lovingly protective of his son. His mother, a Russian, deported by mistake, spent the war years in a German concentration camp and afterward married one of the guards. Simon, Nicolas's brother, is a priest among the poor and lives in total destitution and barbarous degradation.

Restless, at loose ends, in the summer of 1962 when the repatriates are streaming into France from Algeria, Nicolas Léclusier leaves his troubled but accustomed life in Paris, and goes off to the south to write articles for a projected journal of opinion. His travelling companion is Marcelle, a free-lance journalist, who is beautiful, intelligent, humane.

They live as lovers from the very first but do not fall in love for quite some time; and when at last they do, they are united absolutely. Absolutely but only briefly, for Marcelle has learned and taken over Nicolas's schisms, and while he would like to compromise, even, for her sake, to cushion the shocks of reality with lies, to marry her, she can not accept his proposal although she has always longed for just such a "promise of coronation."

Interwoven in the fabric of this hazardous, tender, doomed romance are the histories of people directly involved, and vignettes of others who are peripheral to the heart of the matter but illustrative of the pits and pleasures of any odyssey—four-flushers, political trimmers, ridiculous women addicted to séances and ceramic necklaces, publishers, pimps, cynics, somnambulists. The divergent points of view and the varieties of moral experience merge into the Janus of reality before Nicolas's unflinching and unforgiving eyes, and the human comedy is played out more tragically than ever before: "Everywhere the world clamours its misfortune in our ears, and never has one felt more helpless."

VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK:

MOVIES

By ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, JR.

The Honey Pot, "*bounce from Volpone*"

In principle, the *auteur* thesis has much to commend it. If the same man conceives, writes, directs, and edits a film, the artistic vision is presumably preserved from random meddling, and the result ought to be a unified creation. Alas, in practice, *auteur*ship may sometimes only end in self-indulgence. What writer can bear to criticize his own plot or cut his own prose?

Thus the films of Joseph L. Mankiewicz, a most gifted writer and director, seem to grow more talky and diffuse almost in proportion as he gains more control over all the processes of production. *The Honey Pot* suffers particularly from correctable waverings of tone and focus. It is the tale, by second bounce from *Volpone*, of the rich man who pretends to die in order to test the reactions of his heir aspirants. Rex Harrison, as the modern Volpone, summons the three principal women from his past to Venice. Cliff Robertson, as his Mosca, manages the charade.

The first third of the film purports to be artificial high comedy, reminiscent, though not enough, of vintage Mankiewicz—*All About Eve* or *A Letter to Three Wives*. Rex Harrison delivers the lines with his usual wit and aplomb. But the lines themselves too often have only the cadence, not the content, of wit. Then the mood suddenly changes to melodrama: murders, alibis, an astute police inspector. This is dark and tricky—the best part of the film. Suddenly the mood changes again: Mr. Mankiewicz embellishes Ben Jonson, not without ingenuity; and the last third is celestial fantasy, with commentary by the dead on the living, rather in the manner of *The Scoundrel* or even of *Topper*.

The three parts do not blend. The actors strive valiantly to survive the shift from Frederick Lonsdale to Edgar Wallace to Thorne Smith; and Harrison and Robertson and that talented and delicious girl Maggie Smith succeed.

A Guide for the Married Man, "*comic-strip taste*"

A Guide for the Married Man is a fallen soufflé. The basic idea has its possibilities. A husband, married to a delectable wife but tormented by the unbearable charms of other girls, seeks the counsel of an experienced friend in the etiquette of adultery. The friend lays down basic principles and illustrates them in a series of cautionary anecdotes, in which such splendid players as Phil Silvers, Art Carney, Ben Blue, Terry-Thomas, Carl Reiner, Jack Benny, Sid Caesar, and Louis Nye make brief appearances. At last the husband, his training complete, attempts to put the principles into practice. In the end, the institution of marriage, everyone will be glad to know, is vindicated.

That expert farceur Walter Matthau, with his battered face, baffled looks, and expressive sighs and shrugs, almost saves the film. Robert Morse, more restrained than sometimes, is marvellously confiding and condescending as the helpful friend; and Inger Stevens is a wife no husband in his senses would dream of abandoning. Gene Kelly, the director, serves up the concoction with a mixture of the currently modish techniques—jump cuts, slow motion, speeded motion, parodies of silent pictures and the rest. There are some funny moments, especially a crisp scene demonstrating the virtues of total denial when surprised in *crim. con.*

It is all heavy-handed, farfetched, and very soon wearying—a good idea dragged down by comic-strip taste. Ernst Lubitsch, where are you now that we need you?

She competes in Pure Virgin Wool

She lives in Sportempos, Suburbia U.S.A.

It's the spectator look of the woman who sports winning separates on and off the course. Tri-striped, belted bouclé cardigan worn with solid sleeveless shell and strideaway, panel-pleated skirt. The Gallivanter, pantsuit in parts: Long reefer with contrast collar and convertible cuffs, landlubber pants, long-sleeved classic sweater. All in luxe wool. Jacket, skirt and pants fully lined. Sizes 6 to 16. About $12 to $40.



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VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK:

TRAVEL

By DESPINA MESSINESI

California: Planned Pleasure

". . . in the calm, oak-wooded Napa Valley"

Planned-pleasure living—making the most of sunshine and abundant space without headaches—is among the great specialties of California. Californians do this well and fast. They seem to have a knack of making the most of their valuable natural resources. Among the ways of handling the pleasures of the great outdoors are the new condominium communities.

Among the newest of these communities is Silverado, a four-month-old country club in the calm, oak-wooded Napa Valley, California's wine country. Members may own from a one-room to a two-bedroom condominium each with a patio. For their multiple pleasures, they have seven hundred acres designed for action: golf, tennis, swimming, riding, and trails for walking.

Backdrop for the cottages are Silverado's two superb eighteen-hole golf courses—North and South—designed by Robert Trent Jones, Jr. Shaped like two horseshoes, the North course is flatter and longer, the South one more hilly and exciting. Golfers rank the South's sixth hole the most spectacular of the thirty-six. The fairway slopes downhill, across a stream, and then rises to the green ringed with oaks like an amphitheatre and with a tremendous pile of rock which they refer to as Gallery Rock.

Golf at Silverado is thoroughly streamlined. Skin divers retrieve golf balls from the man-made lake of the South's thirteenth hole. Each course has its own scorecard, and, for easy identification, men's and women's cards are in different colours. While a golfer is signing up in the pro shop for a game, an attendant using an intercom system calls down to the enormous golf-cart garage in the basement. When the player arrives, he finds his golf cart loaded with clubs and set to go. After the game, the cart, treated like a thoroughbred, is immediately hosed down, the battery recharged, and each club put into a machine which cleans it with water-soluble wax.

Even non-golfers enjoy poking around the pro shop, a sunny, wood-panelled room where golf clubs stand in wine casks, and where some two hundred pairs of slacks hang over a tiered rack designed by Craig Williamson, Silverado's golf pro. Spiked shoes are allowed anywhere in the golf building, even in the carpeted lounges where drinks and meals are served.

Near the five tennis courts, the tennis shop seems all white with its racks of classical whites ranging from children's sizes to adults'. Designed especially for young beginners, a tennis racket with a new short handle makes it almost impossible for a player to drop the head of the racket. Tom Stowe, the tennis pro, often recommends that adults use the short-handled racket for a ten-minute warm-up session to get the feeling of correct form.

Centrepiece of Silverado is the clubhouse, a large, white and porticoed Victorian house which, with the lovely great magnolia trees and tall palms, is the only remnant of the past. From the clubhouse bar and dining room, members look out on the fairways, an orgy of green, the hills slightly blue in the distance. Urns spilling white geraniums stand on the stone wall of the



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patio used often for dinner and dancing. Every night, the great oaks light up, and frogs croak.

Silverado, about an hour's drive northeast from San Francisco, is a fast escape to healthy life, fresh air, and sunshine. No responsibilities lurk behind the dark-green doors opening into cottage condominiums. The club manager makes arrangements for maid service, even for Continental breakfasts served in the cottages. Driving, not necessary . . . good food at the clubhouse, delicious fruit salads. Silverado stays open all year. The immediate problem any day—how to pack in the action.

EDITOR'S NOTE: A person living in a condominium, which is a group of houses or apartments, owns the physical space which he may sell without the permission of the other owners of the condominium. In a cooperative plan, however, an owner of stock in the corporation needs the permission of the corporation members in order to sell.

"...*the untamed grandeur of the Sonoma Coast...*"

The Sea Ranch, an architecturally startling and beautiful new community in northern California, blends so thoroughly into the wind-swept landscape that it seems to have been there for years. Obsessed by the untamed grandeur of the Sonoma Coast, the team of distinguished landscape planners and architects who developed The Sea Ranch's five thousand acres managed to preserve and emphasize the country's rugged beauty. Sheep still graze in fields of daisies as they did when The Sea Ranch was just a sheep ranch. Nature dominates.

Patterned after a village plan, condominiums in groups of ten stand behind tall walls. Their slanted roofs match the angle of windbent cypresses. Log houses planned for all-year living—sometimes the rainstormed meadows look as haunting as Wuthering Heights—have the open feeling of tents newly pitched. Windows in unconventional shapes as well as positions frame extraordinary views of the sea, open to the sunshine, but not to the stares of neighbours.

Conforming to the master design, a sunken tennis court and a swimming pool seem to drop out of view. For lockers in the bathhouse: rural mailboxes with red flags. "Sauna" spelled perpendicularly on a white door in black letters doubles as sign and pattern.

Close to the highway in a massive barn is The Sea Ranch restaurant and the country store which stocks everything from groceries to art supplies and fishing tackle for steelhead. A slit of window looks out on horses in pasture and a small piece of the Pacific.

On the two-and-a-half-hour drive north from San Francisco to The Sea Ranch, the road curls around high cliffs. On misty days, beach coves far below seem like a Boudin seascape. In some places, palms taller than telegraph poles edge the highway; in others, forests of oak wall the road. Irises, daisies, wild lupines bloom in fields, rhododendron in the forests. In the Russian church at Fort Ross, built in the early eighteen-hundreds, icons sheathed in silver hang on redwood walls. Seventeen miles further, painted on an entrance marker is the neat identification of The Sea Ranch—horns of a ram.

"...*built around sports and health.*"

La Costa in Southern California is among the first new resort communities built around sports and health. The à la carte activities in the sun and open air attract families all through the year. Some go for the country-club routine—golf, tennis, riding, swimming in the Olympic-big pool or in the (Continued on page 78)

One taste and you may never leave Chateau La Salle.

Chateau La Salle, a light table wine from California, is like no other wine in the world. It's a wine made from rare and special grapes. How? That's a carefully kept secret.

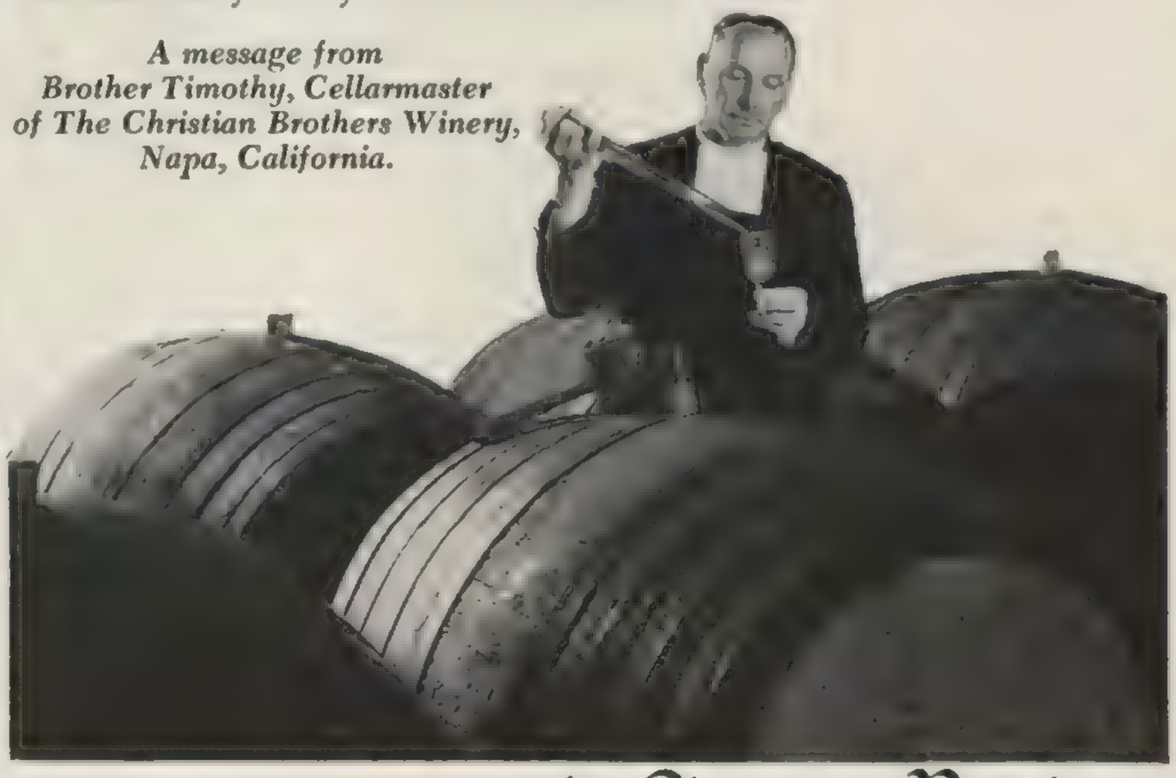
Chateau La Salle is unique. Unique in taste: light, yet naturally sweet. Unique in color: golden as sunlight. Unique in the way it's served: as a cocktail or on-the-rocks. Or as a table wine with any food.

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A message from Brother Timothy, Cellarmaster of The Christian Brothers Winery, Napa, California.



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The Metropolitan Museum of Art

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(Continued from page 77)

sea; others for the health spa. Several of the Spartan workouts are out of doors. The photographs on page 164 show some of the goings-on in the women's spa. Men have a duplicate spa arena.

La Costa, a ninety-mile drive south from Los Angeles and only thirty miles north from San Diego, is an easy distance the way Californians drive on the freeways. Those who go often usually own condominium houses with gardens. Among the other arrangements at La Costa are the string of lodges of the country club and a hotel tied to the spa. No matter where anybody lives, he may use all or any part of La Costa's spread of pleasures.

"... *San Francisco for visitors*"

From the rooms in the new wing at the Fairmont Hotel on Nob Hill, the view of the city—the Bay, the "bridge" which is actually painted red—could almost substitute for a sight-seeing tour. San Francisco looks like a white city. In the surprisingly brilliant sunlight, houses stacked on hills resemble those on the Greek island of Mykonos. When fog covers the city, wisps of mist move at high speed across the windows.

Everything is fresh and quiet in the air-conditioned rooms of the Fairmont wing: white walls, white curtains that draw, and white blanket covers printed with field flowers. Practical details: Bathrooms have scales, telephones, piped radios, and TV; dressing rooms, electrical shoe polishers which work equally well on leather handbags; hotel stationery includes small cards for writing thank-you notes. (Maids, here, have a habit of checking and rechecking to see whether rooms are occupied.)

At the not-very-big Huntington Hotel on Nob Hill, the foyer is small like the St. Regis foyer in New York. The recently remodelled rooms—two now make one enormous one—are varied, with handsome furniture that's not remotely hotel. Outside bathrooms have Japanese shoji window shades. The corner apartment where Princess Margaret stayed during her San Francisco visit is now called the Royal Suite.

The San Francisco Hilton, a startling concrete building rather like a fortress, stands in the centre of the city. Guests with cars park outside their rooms provided these are on the fifth through the eleventh floors. To prevent strangers from using the car park, hotel guests have a special pass, a sticker on the windshield.

L'Odéon, a small and new restaurant, makes quite a production of the basically simple Greek food which they prepare well with a little bit of French mixed in. Enormous blowups of Piranesi prints above black banquettes, crystal chandeliers, leopard-printed rugs. Open for lunch and dinner Monday through Friday; only for dinner on Saturday; closed Sunday.

L'Étoile, one among the new good restaurants in San Francisco, is in the Huntington Hotel. Unpainted trellis walls lead downstairs to the restaurant and bar, a dark and large room arranged like a den: plum-coloured walls, deep sofas, and some tables covered with leopard prints. In the dining room, guests dine well on French food served on pink cloths; on each table, one beautiful red rose. Run and owned by two pleasant young Frenchmen with a past that includes some of the great restaurants of Europe. Reservations necessary. Open for dinner, closed Sunday.

At Los Gallos, the food, the beer, as well as the chef are Mexican, and all are good. Sangría at Los Gallos—orange juice, champagne, Burgundy poured over ice cubes and served with lime—comes off drier than the Spanish one. Lunch and dinner Monday to Friday; only dinner on Saturday; closed Sunday and on Christmas day.

Charles, a lively bistro named after its bearded French owner, has excellent French food without fuss. Specialties: flambé dishes. This restaurant has neither telephone nor sign. Its corner door opens on Pacific at Battery. One helpful clue is the blue curtain hung over the entrance. Dinner. Closed Sunday.

"... *Los Angeles for visitors*"

Los Angeles is like a series of green pretty villages standing in flower gardens where hotels have the feeling of country clubs. In the pink Beverly Hills Hotel spread in a thick, jungly park, many of the rooms and bungalows open into ivy-walled patios arranged like outdoor living rooms. A winding path leads to the swimming pool where Svend Petersen, a tanned, blond Dane, treats guests rather like an English nanny does children. The Polo Lounge, a curiously curved shape with lots of corner banquettes, green as an oasis with filtered sunlight, is good all day and into the night for drinks and meals. Meals served in rooms and rolled in on carts covered with a sheet of plastic look like window displays well arranged.

Nice details: One desk drawer is deep enough to hold files. Memo pads are bright pink. The small and elderly page boy at the hotel was for many years the page who called out Phillip Morris on radio.

Among the sedate houses in Bel-Air, the Bel-Air Hotel has the quiet, sunny feeling of a Mexican hacienda. Instead of corridors, there are open colonnades, their roofs dripping bougainvillea and the patios are brilliant with roses and delphiniums. Behind panelled doors, some rooms have deep sofas, fireplaces, beamed ceilings, dressing rooms ... all have the luxury of space. Around the oval pool, like a secret garden behind ivied walls, guests often lunch under turquoise umbrellas.

The Beverly Wilshire Hotel is a part city, part country hotel. The hotel entrance is on that span of good shops along Wilshire Boulevard, the back opens onto a large garden and pool. Freshly redone rooms with flowered wallpaper have the charm of those in French inns; the grey marble bathrooms have makeup mirrors like those in star dressing rooms, shoe horns, and Elizabeth Arden soap. NOTE: delicious mocha coffee.

In the new wing of the Beverly Hilton on Wilshire Boulevard, all rooms have lanais, colour television and look down on a fountain. A safe dry distance away from the splashing waterworks, in the row of new small shops, there is an ice cream parlour with sidewalk café tables.

The Hamburger Hamlet (a chain of nine restaurants around Los Angeles) serves good food as well as diet food that is attractive, but not expensive. Menus resembling loose-leaf notebooks include plans for a five-day diet. Chilled borscht, the colour of a raspberry soda and served in a soda glass, has a cucumber stick instead of straws. With diet hamburgers, sauerkraut.

Among the very good and well-known restaurants in Beverly Hills: Perino's—superb for food; even the penny-sized macaroons in a silver dish. At Chasen's the great specialty, devilled beef bones served with mustard sauce, is not on the menu. La Scala gives a soufflé touch to hearty Italian food. The Bistro—which does look like one—serves *un*bistro French food.

Big-name entertainers let loose on the stage at the Cocoanut Grove, the enduring nightclub in the Ambassador Hotel. Unlike the red-draped nightclub, which hasn't changed in years, the hotel is being thoroughly revved up.

At The Daisy, young members collect at night, although many do not get much beyond the poolroom opposite the entrance.

Pool tables plus Ping-Pong turn up at the new discothèque,

Club Bagatelle, on the Palos Verdes peninsula. In a green-and-white canvas setting, patterned after the charming Château de Bagatelle in the Bois de Boulogne outside Paris, even the Seven-Up machine is painted to look like a period piece.

At night, that golden glow on the rim of Beverly Hills is Century City, a bold and extravagant new development with an attractive shopping centre. Among the City's tall buildings shining like torches, there is the long curved blaze of the Century Plaza Hotel rising above gardens and fountains.

South of Los Angeles in Orange County, is the Irvine Ranch, an empire five times the size of Manhattan Island, that is now in the process of development. Although many plans are still in blueprint, already built and in operation is the handsome new University of California campus at Irvine. Its nineteen tall buildings rise above orange and walnut groves, acres of neat rows of vegetable gardens. At Newport Beach, Welton Becket has designed Fashion Island, a shopping mall on a breezy hill overlooking the Pacific. (Preview, September ninth.)

Flying West: Among the jets taking off from the East every day and through the night, some two hundred land in Los Angeles, and over one hundred in San Francisco. Flying time from the East Coast aboard Trans World Airlines, American Airlines, and United Airlines, about five hours; aboard Continental Airlines flying from Chicago, about four hours. Pacific Southwest Airlines is fine for short hauls.

California Wines

(Continued from page 40)

ers, Hanns Kornell, and Weibel Incorporated—make it the main part of their business. Others, notably Almadén, make very fine champagne along with a host of other wines. Almadén, Weibel, and some others make a point of using only Pinot Chardonnay grapes for their best champagne, which brings it nearer to the French original in scent and style.

I confess that my own favourite, nonetheless, is made of different grapes, and in a most eccentric spot at that—in a clearing in the redwood forests of the Russian River. The Korbel family, which turned from cutting down trees to raising vines when the supply of trees ran out, has developed what is perhaps the driest, and to me is the most memorable, of California champagnes. It is made without any sweetening at all, drier even than the more usual *Brut* (which is quite dry enough for most people). They call it Natural.

At the very opposite extreme of sparkling wine I found a most unusual and enchanting drink in the Napa Valley. Louis M. Martini makes a very delicate, deliciously sweet and grapy wine; so delicate is it that it has to be kept permanently under refrigeration like a sorbet. He calls it Moscato Amabile.

On California sherry I must reserve judgment. Mine is a European palate, familiar with (and passionate about) the sherry of Spain.

Of port I have more to say. In California, as in Portugal, there is a lot of rough stuff made in the name of port. This should not put us off the narrow stratum at the top. The firm of Ficklin specializes in and makes what are probably California's finest ports. Their Tinta (the grape name again) is the one to watch for. But I have had good ones from Buena Vista, Heitz Cellars, and Paul Masson.

Timed for the right moment—the champagne, ice-cold, on a summer morning in the country or at an evening buffet; the sherry, chilled and dry, instead of cocktails before a fine-wine dinner; the port, decanted and gleaming in the ritual of after-dinner conversation by candlelight—all three fill rôles that no other drinks can fill so well. No wonder San Francisco is many Frenchmen's favourite American city.



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MEN IN VOGUE

...NOTES, QUOTES, AND VOTES

Los Angeles: No one has time to sit still.



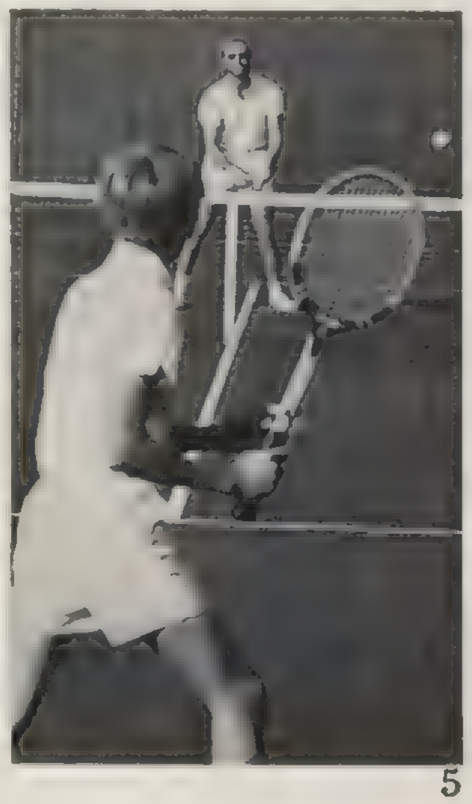
Men in Southern California seem determined to take every advantage, every minute, of a glorious climate and endless opportunities for active leisure. They get to work early—six A.M. for some film stars, eight for businessmen who want to catch the noon returns on the New York Stock Exchange. Lunch is quicker than the two-hour ritual in New York, and by four o'clock the golf courses are busy with foursomes. The beauty of it all is that it's possible for a number of men to swim, play tennis, golf or ride at home or only minutes away from it. . . . 1. ***Tony Rogers*** of *Camelot* rides his three-year-old gelding on the beach at Malibu every morning. 2. *Camelot's* King Arthur, ***Richard Harris,*** takes long barefoot walks on the Malibu beach to unwind. 3. ***Louis Jourdan*** is part of a group that plays spirited weekend croquet games at ***Samuel Goldwyn's*** hilltop court—a splendid one made trickier by the addition of sand traps. 4. The great tennis ace ***Jack Kramer*** plays more golf than tennis these days, and has opened a semi-private golf club east of Los Angeles, but still plays a mean game on friends' courts, such as ***Dr. Omar Fareed's.*** 5. ***Charlton Heston*** is an ardent tennis player who blames much of our "slobby shape" on the American passion for team sports such as football that require "twenty-one other guys before you can have a game; with tennis you only need a partner." That might, in Mr. Heston's case, be his son ***Fraser*** with whom he practises at the Hestons' court. The fence around the court is decorated with photos of champions who have played there—a list that takes in ***Pancho Gonzales*** and ***Alex Olmedo*** among others. 6. Painter ***Billy Al Bengston,*** whose Pop chevron paintings on metal have made him one of California's most interesting painters, races his Bultaco motorcycle at the Los Angeles Ascot races on Thursday nights, uses a Honda to get back and forth from his Venice studio. 7. ***James Garner*** shares the local passion for golf, plays it better than most, participating in invitational tournaments from Palm Springs to Fort Worth. He ranges from a 0 to a 5 handicap, depending upon practice; right now is keeping his handicap down thanks to the twenty-five-by-eighteen-foot putting green he's installed just outside the study of the Garners' new house. 8. ***Dean Martin's*** son, ***Dino,*** now filming *A Boy . . . A Girl . . .* plays pool like a pro at home. His partner: ***Jack Hanson,*** head of "The Daisy," and the Jax shops. Jack and Dino are wearing jackets and sweaters from the first group of Jax men's clothes. 9. The ***Richard Crennas*** (he's co-starring in *Wait Until Dark*) play boccie during lunch parties around their pool.



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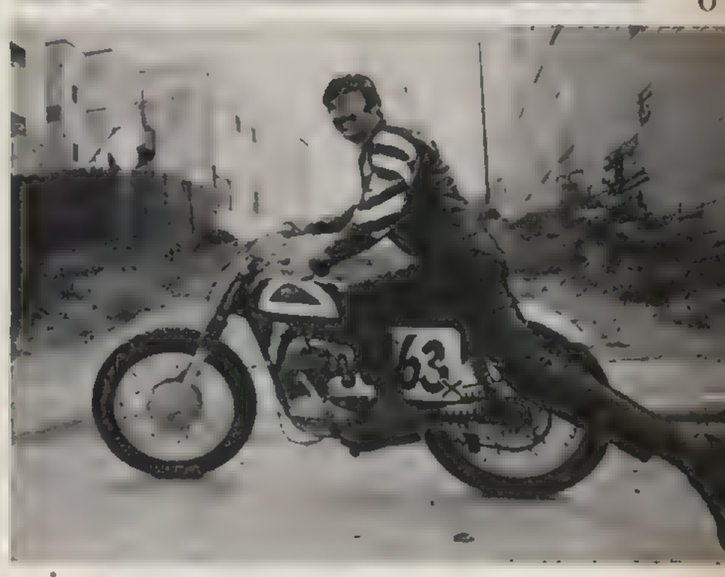
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5



1



6



7

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8



9



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AUGUST 15, 1967

VOGUE'S EYE VIEW

We've had long boots before—but *this* long? *This* sleek? *This* slim, supple, fitting? Jamais!—what the Eiffel is to towers, what the Beatles are to Pop, what California redwoods are to trees, and Malibu Beach to surfing, that's what this knockout blackout is to boots: The Most. The ultimate boot in the ultimate boot material—the softest, glowiest, kid-gloviest leather—PLUS—a sensational new test-tube ingredient that makes the boot stretch and fit as no boot ever has. It gets off the ground on a proper little strapped and buckled shoe, then rolls right on like a coat of makeup—smooth to the ankle, smooth to the calf, smooth to the top of the thigh where you garter it like a stocking and wear it under short hemlines...longer hemlines...with a little belted black coat and big black fur hat... with everything...everywhere...perfection. By David Evins for Oscar de la Renta; about $70. At I. Miller; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin.

THE ULTIMATE BOOT



PENN



Most exciting dress you'll wear this year? Apt to be black. Most romantic pants suit? Nattiest little coat? Black, very likely. The point is, everything delicious happening in fashion is happening—vividly—in black. The longer hemline, left, happening in black wool: a V'd and belted Empire dress flowing to the middle of the calf where bronze lights flicker in black stockings and black satin Oxfords kick up little bronze heels. Galanos dress of Dormeuil wool. Bonwit Teller; Nan Duskin; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Stanley Hagler earrings. Hanes stockings for Galanos. Oxfords by Evins. Max Factor's light-minded way to face up to black: a sheer slip of UltraLucent gleam, called Highlight , on the cheekbones plus UltraLucent lipstick in a California Coral shade. Glow to the world, right: black velvet to the ground, with one shoulder pulled from a ring of sparklers in back. By Malcolm Starr; Martin velvet of Acele acetate and rayon. About $145. Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Hutzler's; Hudson's; I. Magnin. K. J. L. jewellery: Bergdorf Goodman. Both coiffures: Ara Gallant: left, with Tovar-Tresses; right, David & David Celanese hairpieces.

BLACK

It's back for day.
Back for evening.
Back with a bang–
the fashion
that gives every
woman's ego
something
to glow about...





BLACK

black with black.
matte with gleam–
the short coat with
the long boot...

PENN



Pitch tent, left: a mini-slim swing of suède zipped as far as it goes; matching black suède leggings, shiny black boots. Anne Klein turnout for Mallory; coat-dress about $165, leggings about $65. Abercrombie & Fitch; Julius Garfinckel; Dayton's; Joseph Magnin. Abbe Creations bangles: Lord & Taylor. Stanley Hagler earrings. Herbert Levine boots: Bonwit Teller. Ara Gallant coif, David & David Celanese hairpieces. From the ground up, from the inside out—black all the way, right: the belted coat in triangles of gleamy leather and Jasco wool jersey, with a lining of black-dyed French rabbit. The cossack hat is a gloss of black fox; the boots, the same that stretch across the Eye View page—and right to the top of the leg. Oscar de la Renta coat and Adolfo hat: Saks Fifth Avenue. Coat: Hutzler's; Halle Bros.; Sakowitz. Bracelets by Vendôme and Capri. Boots by David Evins for Oscar de la Renta.



BLACK

the velvet smoking...the short, belted, fluffy fur...



PENN

Little boy black, left: a cotton-velvet glove of a pants suit from which white lace ruffles spill with Romney ardour. By Victor Joris for Cuddlecoat; about $125. Bloomingdale's; Wanamaker's, Phila.; Rich's. Alice Stuart blouse. Halston sombrero, to order at Bergdorf Goodman. Pumps: Seducta by Charles Jourdan (pompons added). This is the way we snuggle into fur this winter, above: a big, beautiful bundle of black fox, all worked in the round. Wrap it, belt it, wear it really short over long black legs. By Georges Kaplan; black-dyed Canadian fox. Cadoro rings. K.J.L.'s serpent of brilliants. Danskin tights. Battani boots. Coiffure: Suga, the Kenneth salon.



BLACK

the jacketed pants-dress and the belted knit...



PENN

New way to wear a black wool suit, left: turtleneck pants-dress with short, wide gadabout legs and a perfect little tailor's jacket—buttoned up high, narrow all over. By Geoffrey Beene. Jack Gilbert bracelet; Stanley Hagler earrings. All Saks Fifth Avenue. Turnout also: Halle Bros; Harzfeld's; Frost Bros. Black bangle by Albert Weiss. Beautiful Bryans tights. Evins pumps. Snap crackle knit, above: everybody's little black dress—black wool knit, white leather belt, tiny sleeves. By Sacony; about $33. At Bloomingdale's; Woodward & Lothrop; Carson Pirie Scott; J. W. Robinson. Flemming earrings and bracelet, at Paraphernalia. Lady Exeter stockings, at Franklin Simon. Shoes by Cover Girl. Both coiffures by Suga of the Kenneth Salon.



Black with brass, left: brass buttons, brass buckle, brass grommets—the belted black suit with a shirty little jacket and a short-A skirt with a panel-pleat in front. By Seymour Fox; Meyer Woolens fabric loomed in America. Lord & Taylor; Julius Garfinckel; Lou Lattimore; I. Magnin. Bracelets: Albert Weiss; Mimi di N. Berkshire socks. Cover Girl shoes. Black with golden buckles, right: one front and centre, one at either side of the leather belt that holds a black wool fly-front coat with one patch pocket. Wool mark coat by George Carmel, of Bellaine fabric; about $250. Lady Exeter stockings. Both: Bloomingdale's. Coat: Montaldo's; Joseph Magnin. Vendôme bracelets. Halston's black felt sombreros on both pages, to order at Bergdorf Goodman. Boots by Löw of Switzerland, at I. Miller. Black with chain, far right: the belted coat with more fit to the bodice, more width to the skirt, more of everything that counts this year. Wool mark coat with Zepel finish, by Molly for Jack Sarnoff. Sally Gee scarf. Both: Bergdorf Goodman. Coat: Woodward & Lothrop; Carson Pirie Scott. Mimi di N bracelets: Henri Bendel. Beautiful Bryans stockings. Mr. John hat. Löw of Switzerland Corfam boots. Both pages: gloves by Kislav, at Best & Co.

BLACK

the belted suit. the belted coat... the glint of metal everywhere...

PENN



PENN

VOGUE PATTERN 7049

BLACK



Black velvet, bared shoulders, opposite: a dreamy little dinner dress with a sway of skirt pleated in front, the waist caught with a rhinestone-sparkled chain. Vogue Pattern 7049. Calderon belt: Altman's. Shalimar gloves, at Bloomingdale's. Modesty blazes, this page: starched white organdie Pilgrim collar and cuffs on a high-belted, long-sleeved black velvet dress. Vogue Pattern 7184. Both pages: Crompton rayon velvet, at Altman's; Woodward & Lothrop; Rich's. Black patterned tights by Prestige. Shoes by De Liso Debs. The coiffures by Kenneth. Other views, sizes, yardages, on page 176.

Romantic black velvet
...covered and bared

VOGUE PATTERN 7184

VOGUE PATTERNS

Paris for everyone—hits from the booming young Ready-to-Wear. Le noir et le noir, left: Patou's little covered skater's dress in black gabardine with a martingale in back, matching shorts, matching sombrero. Legs dressed in matte black tights, shiny black boots. Once more with green, right: silhouette as before, this time in bottle-green wool crêpe—funnel-necked, belted, patch-pocketed; sombrero to match. Both Patou dresses: Lord & Taylor; I. Magnin. Black-coffee brown with white—and high pockets, far right: two for the tiny fly-front jacket, two for the skirt of the belted shirt-dress underneath. Castillo's gabardine turnout: Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin. Both pages: Guibert gloves; Andréa shoes and boots.

PRÊT-À-PORTER

Paris black...green...brown

DAVID BAILEY



THINKING IN COLOUR...

MME. BROSSIN DE MÉRÉ

Everybody thinks in colour now—we expect it, demand it, revel in it . . . the colours bold, free, and clear, controlled to the use and design . . . the prints sometimes wild: great *fauve* swirls, huge Mondrian squares, giant flowers, exhilarating clashes and smashes of colour. . . . For all this, we have to thank the modern painters . . . the influence of Japanese, Indian, African art . . . and a handful of fabric designers who have felt what was in the wind, and have forced the frontiers of colour and design. High on this list is Madame Andrée Brossin de Méré, an artist and onetime stage designer whose work has inspired many of the greatest couturiers in France and America. Everything she sees is fed into a sort of visual computer from which it may emerge—recognizably or not—as a print: animals and birds, seashells, feathers, columns; the flowers in her Swiss garden near Lake Lausanne, a Persian carpet glimpsed at a Paris cocktail party, a straw basket in Italy. Mme. Brossin lives and works in all three countries, in the true spirit of the Marché Commun—one of her panels of printed (real) feathers on organza, for example, might be woven in Lyons, embroidered in Switzerland, printed in Italy. . . . A tall, ample, jovial woman with an aureole of tossed blond hair, she is actually Swiss, of French Huguenot origin; her mother was a painter, her father a lawyer with a keen interest in the theatre. She was having, she admits, "quite a success" as a theatrical designer in Paris when World War II erupted. She went to Switzerland, and was engaged by the Swiss Government to work with the artisans of St. Gall, a small city famous for embroidery. "They used always organza, embroidered in pale pink and pale blue; I thought, I have got to change that." When she suggested grey embroidery, there was consternation; and when she proposed a design of nymphs and mermaids instead of flowers, "the workers were very shocked and ashamed." But when, after the war, Mme. Brossin took the new St. Gall embroideries to Paris, Dior loved them, and they were a sensation —"I took only thirty metres—we could have sold ten times that much." . . . She is, perhaps, most famous for her printed silks, but she adores combining different textures and techniques in offbeat, unexpected ways—embroidery in wool, in straw, on organza; glorious prints on fur (this, for Givenchy), on feathers, on paillettes. Her relish for beautiful colours, beautiful cloths, is part of her enormous relish for life. She described once designing a print of cakes for Balenciaga—"blue cakes, pink cakes, on cloqué silk. We ate them afterward."



MME. BROSSIN DE MÉRÉ, FAR LEFT, AT WORK IN HER PARIS STUDIO, WITH HER CAT, MOUSSELINE.

Swag, left, *of Brossin de Méré printed silk satin.* Right, *a flowing evening dress by Stavropolous in Brossin de Méré tulle, printed in reds and blues, over her fuchsia silk; at Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin.*

SABINE WEISS

AIRY FLEECE COAT

FABRICS: RETURN OF THE SOFT AND DEEP



Suddenly gathering: clouds of airy new coat fabrics—soft, spongy, fleecy, bendable, wrappable, to snug into like heavenly blankets for day or evening. Whipped-up fleece, left, in brilliant green for a wide swinging coat with a tiny collar hooked at the neck. By Raelson, of Garigue wool. K. J. L. earrings. Hudson pantie stockings. All at Bergdorf Goodman. Coat: Nan Duskin; Amelia Gray. Evins shoes made to order. Kenneth coiffure. Plumage-print, right, vivid on the flattened fleece of a fitted coat with high armholes, small shoulders, flared out just above the waist. By Bill Blass for Maurice Rentner, of Piacenza wool. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Nan Duskin; Rich's; Gidding-Jenny. Richelieu earrings. Halston hat, to order at Bergdorf Goodman. Phoenix pantie stockings. Coiffure: Suga of Kenneth. Both pages; Kislav gloves, Best & Co.

PENATI

PLUMAGE-PRINTED COAT

DOUBLE-FACED FLEECE COAT

PENATI

DEEP VELVET DRESS

Grass green, fleecy as they come, left—a hooded duffel coat, wide enough to wrap up in on plane or ship, over plaid culottes attached to a white turtleneck, green patent belt. Coat of Anglo wool, loomed in America; wool culotte-dress—both by Dominic for Matty Talmack. Earrings: Saint Laurent for Colony. All at Bonwit Teller. Turnout, also at Nan Duskin; I. Magnin. Stockings: Finesse by Stevens. Coiffure by Maury of Kenneth. Dark-brown velvet, starchy white, this page—romance rampant in a wide-skirted dress with long narrow sleeves, a starched white linen jabot at the neck. By Chester Weinberg, of cotton velvet; about $160. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Rich's; Halle Bros.; Gus Mayer. Beautiful Bryans pantie stockings. Charles Jourdan white crêpe shoes. Coiffure by Suga of Kenneth.

FABRICS: SOFT AND DEEP



MADAME
PHILIPPE
LEROY

PRONTO: IT'S HERE—
THE NEW ITALIAN READY-TO-WEAR

In Italian, ready-to-wear is called *confezione*—delicious as it sounds. The two smashing turnouts here are worn by Mme. Philippe Leroy, tall, beautiful young wife of the French actor. With their small daughter, Philippine, the Leroys live a pleasant, close-knit family life in Rome, swim at Isola del Giglio in the summer, ski at Mégève in winter.

Banded, belted coat, far left, with marvellous long lanky lines, in tomato-red double gabardine, banded in navy blue; navy-blue leather belt. Worn over a turtleneck dress of navy-blue jersey with a band of the same ripe *pomodoro* red running down the front. By Mila Schön, in fabric by Agnona. Ready to wear at Bonwit Teller; Julius Garfinckel; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin.

Side-buttoned jacket, left, of red wool, belted over a black wool dress with red banding—another of Mila Schön's perfect day-to-day turnouts; this, in Nattier wool. Ready to wear at Henri Bendel; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. On both pages, the Garbo hats are by Mila Schön. Coiffures and makeup by the Elizabeth Arden Roman salon's Wayne.

FRANCO RUBARTELLI



MADAME PHILIPPE LEROY

PRONTO: THE BOOT AND THE KNIT FROM ITALY

The leopard's spots, the giraffe's bold geometries, burning bright in coppery beads, tawny-gold sequins—hand-embroidered on a knitted wool dress and suit each with high, sleek, matching knit boots. "Feet in the jungle that leave no mark. . ." Two of the marvellous new wildlife looks from Laura Aponte's Roman game preserve—worn here by Madame Philippe Leroy. Leopard dress and boots, left: matte-gold sequins, black and tawny beads in a bright patina, on knitted wool; one-shoulder neckline, very "You—Jane." Giraffe suit and boots, this page: the small sweater of a jacket zipped high at the throat. Great giraffe-y squares of copper and off-white beads and sequins embroidered on knitted wool. Both ready-to-wear costumes by Laura Aponte, at Elizabeth Arden Couture and makeup by the Elizabeth Arden Rome Salon's Wayne

JACQUELINE SASSARD WEARS THE PLAID FROM ITALY

A tall, olive-skinned beauty with the unreadable dark eyes of a young gazelle, Jacqueline Sassard plays—almost wordlessly—the fatally alluring foreign student in the British movie, *Accident.* (In it, her cool beauty is the catalyst that shatters several lives; she herself remains totally non-involved.) She was born in Nice, lives now in a charming flat in the centre of Rome, with a distinguished small art collection. Here—at Signor Franco Aloisi's villa in the Roman campagna—Miss Sassard wears a smashing Italian country coat of double-faced wool plaid in brown, beige, camel, off-white. Camel's-hair collar, camel martingale across the bias back. Coat by Ognibene Zendman in Rome; ready to wear at Woodward & Lothrop. Fabric by Agnona. Plaid-topped calfskin boots by Driamar.


FRANCO RUBARTELLI

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . "Intrepid," the knuckle-bowed, short-ended racing yacht whose crew, when sailing into the wind, disappears deep into the heart of the boat, thus decreasing its wind resistance, a new technical point that may be of enormous speed value if this yacht comes up against Australia's "Dame Pattie" next month in the finals of the America's Cup Race. . . . The melancholy of political Washington. . . . In London, the word "sniffers" used for the police dogs that help track down "cannabis," known more familiarly as pot. . . . Sixteen-year-old Janis Ian, a New York schoolgirl who wrote and sings the extremely popular and potent song "Society's Child," a rather plaintive old-fashioned folk sound that carries no strings to any kind of group except other sixteen-year-olds.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . *All the Little Live Things,* a rare and good novel, easy as a tent dress, in which Wallace Stegner almost bridges the credibility gap between generations, his bridge leading by remarkable detours, to small, brilliant insights. . . . In Rome and Paris, the unsatiated hunger for the Beatles' album *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band,* its amplified instruments including a sinuous sounding sitar, an Indian lute; some of the lyrics, rather blind references to drugs which almost everybody except autistic children seems to understand, especially radio stations which have banned some of the songs, both in the United States and Paris.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The amusing afternoon movies—the Early, Early Show—with its Big Dipper of stars who switched over from the silents. . . . The second volume of *The Diary of Anaïs Nin,* in which she wrote: "Men think they live and die for ideas. What a divine joke. They live and die for emotional, personal errors, just as women do." . . . In London, *Rosencrantz and Guildernstern Are Dead* by thirty-year-old Tom Stoppard whose erratically brilliant comedy took minor characters from *Hamlet* who idle away their time never knowing the plotting going on at Elsinore, never quite understanding why they are at Court, worldly fools who never understand their fooling.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . Flip Wilson, funny and young, who turns Negro joke clichés into fresh American Indian jokes, his own Negro face quite solemn. . . . The intensified radio conversational programs in which no real questions are asked and practically no answers given, all by telephone from lonely people, a category which includes a nine-year-old girl who asked Lee Leonard on New York's NBC radio, "What is God?" and then added: "Will you speak to my three-year-old brother?"

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . Professor Eric Bentley's description of the hippies: "the middle class in fancy dress." . . . *Edward and the Edwardians* by the French historian Philippe Jullian who has written a sharp, elevated, gossipy account of starchy Edward VII whose morose mother liked a couple of slugs of whiskey but disliked her son whose beautiful, childish wife Queen Alexandra minded neither the King's gamblings nor his mistresses, especially the comfortable Mrs. Keppel; when Victoria died, the new King told the staff at Buckingham Palace: "Get this tomb cleaned up."

MICHAEL YORK, THE SECRET SMILER He comes on smiling a smile that springs questions. Is he a gloriously open-hearted young man? A conniver who knows something dangerous and isn't telling? A mean teen who pushes girls around? When Michael York hit the screen in the films *Accident* and *The Taming of the Shrew,* his smile made the first mark; his skill as an actor did the digging in. For all the flap here and in England over his golden good looks stamped by a slightly battered nose, Michael York is a reserved, almost shy, twenty-five-year-old Englishman who did his theatrical groundwork playing small parts with the National Theatre. Before that he read English on and off at Oxford. Since, things have stirred up for him: a short film, *Red and Blue,* directed by Tony Richardson, with Vanessa Redgrave. A movie with the dotty enchantresses Rita Tushingham and Lynn Redgrave, *Smashing Time,* in which Michael York plays a photographer (the rôle, in fact, got him "hooked on photography"). And now, the part of Tybalt in Franco Zeffirelli's film *Romeo and Juliet.* All reasonable fates for a good actor who looks like a young Shakespearean prizefighter descended from a Slavic lion.

LORD SNOWDON



Can GREAT SKIN BE

Great skin can be created? Yes.

From mediocre material, marvellous things can happen? Yes.

In even "impossible" skin dazzling potential lurks? Yes.

Anything less than great about skin, inherited or acquired, can be changed? Yes.

The yes-man here, giving the encouraging word above, and answering the questions below, yessing zestfully and no-ing knowingly, is an active research and clinical dermatologist. His office is lively with the curiosity of a group of cosmetically-minded physicians whose chief beat is skin . . . and strong with the authority of laboratory probing and visual proof. Twenty-year-old models run in and out for skin refreshment before their next camera assignment—and older people learn that their faces can deny their year and their decade of birth, that time can be turned back, facially, gracefully.

How would a dermatologist define good skin? Obviously it's unblemished. Beyond that, the skin colour must be uniformly dark or light, no mottling. The surface is integrated, the upper layers have no tendency to crack, no visible scaling. It's the "envelope" of skin that gives skin its translucency. Normal healthy skin has a light-depth to it. Some light penetrates, some bounces back. The upper layers of the skin should have a tri-dimensional effect, should not look dull and opaque but lively and transparent. That's what makes it *real* skin, somewhat as real marble can be told from fake marble by the fact that you can see into it, light reflects back, it's marble through and through.

If such a good, unblemished, translucent, "real" skin can be created, how long will the creation last? Does the skin not have a tendency to return to its initial form, like a thumbprint? With a minor manoeuvre such as a "deep freshening" or what is also called a light peeling, the skin will return completely to where it was within days or weeks, and the treatment should be repeated. Major jobs take ten to twenty minutes and last a year or two; wrinkles shouldn't reappear for maybe ten years. Freckles can get lost forever, if you would have them that way, in the major-deep peeling.

What would you say is the single most dramatic category in skin re-creation? That might be a woman whose skin has wrinkled, lined, and roughened long before its time because of sun, weather, and general life experience. Her skin cells have been damaged and they keep regenerating damaged cells. A process called dermabrasion would destroy the damaged cells, completely resurface the skin, give it a new life, give her face a dramatic new look.

What kind of process is dermabrasion and how much time does it entail? Dermabrasion is a clean, safe, one-step procedure of skin planing that takes about twenty minutes on the table. The skin is frozen so you have a firm surface to work with and no bleeding. A rotating brush is stroked across the face and the dermatologist or plastic surgeon can be selective in what he removes. He can blend, go deeper in one area, lighter in another, and he leaves nothing behind except something to heal. The minute dermabrasion stops, healing starts. ***Is there such a thing as "spot dermabrasion," for instance the prune lines above the upper lip?*** With proper blending, yes. But small areas might ask for another type of corrective procedure. ***How long should a woman expect to be out of commission after dermabrasion?*** Depending on her age and skin condition, she should count on one to two weeks before she's ready to have her picture taken.

How important is skin caretaking—cleansing, moisturizing, lubrication, protection—on a daily basis? Cleanliness is imperative to not only the short-run but the long-run attractions of every face. So are other maintenance measures according to what the skin and the life it leads dictate. Unfortunately, you can't see the results of informed and fastidious face conservation on a day-by-day basis. If one could see the faces of a good skin caretaker and a poor skin caretaker on an accelerated-action motion picture camera over a period of time, the stunning impact of the cumulative effect of daily care would make the urgency of skin-keeping abundantly clear.

Do any creams actually rejuvenate skin? Yes. They "rejuvenate" it *briefly* (and enough brieflys add up to lengthilys) this way. The upper layer of the older skin usually thins. Emollients and moisturizers help this layer hold water, which smooths and de-dries the surface. The film of cream on the skin helps prevent moisture loss, and the water and humectant ingredients in the cream or lotion moisturize. . . . Eventually the under layer which is the supporting layer of the skin retains less water, too. If it can be induced to keep its moisture, it provides better support and plumps up wrinkled skin. Hormone and steroid creams are said to come to the aid of this water-retention cause. However, this claim has not been unequivocally substantiated.

Do dermatologists believe that a woman should go to a beauty salon for a skin work-out occasionally? Certainly. She could probably do the same cleansing and pep-up job for herself at home, but she probably won't. So go for a clean-up and skin revival by all means.

What is a real "cleansing job"? It is ridding the pores and skin surface of spent oils and soil by techniques that the operator favours.

To what extent do our menus affect our complexions? To this extent. A balanced diet is essential. No skin is at its best without normal nutrition. But few people in this country suffer from any malnutrition that might show up in the skin. Food is highly overrated as a skin offender. For instance, with acne we try everything including diet. But when the condition clears up, diet restrictions are the first to go.

Then there are no specific foods that will either help or harm? Food helps the complexion only in the degree to which it helps the diet balance. A quart of cucumber juice or vinegar and honey every day may do something internally, but it won't make a bit of difference visually—unless the stress on it serves to disturb the diet's equilibrium, in which case it could do damage. . . . The likes of chocolate, peanuts, seafood for its iodine content are held to trigger blemishes but only for certain people at certain points in life, and those people will know it quickly enough and lay off the suspect for a while. ***What about vitamins?***

A DERMATOLOGIST TELLS HOW IT CAN AND HOW IT CAN'T BE

CREATED?

Again, unless there is evidence of abnormal nutrition, no "thinking dermatologist" prescribes vitamins for skin therapy. Indeed, Vitamin A in excess can be detrimental, will cause hair to fall. . . . The most we could ever support is a general vitamin once a day, and this only for a model who has a cracker for breakfast and beef broth for dinner. Or an old person on a monotonous diet for old-people reasons.

Hormones: what rôle do they play? A tremendous one. The hormonal status of the body is responsible, for instance, for the coarsening of the pores that determine so significantly the overall impression a skin creates. You'll see no perceptible pores nor feel any oil on a baby's skin. It's only when the sexogens start bubbling along at adolescence that pores become noticeable. (Sexogens is a convenient word for androgens, estrogens, and progesterones—the sex hormones.) The sebaceous or oil glands enlarge, and the pore is the opening for the oil. Which is why the oilier the skin, the larger the pore. . . . We all have a mix of the male hormone, androgen, that makes skin coarse, oily, porous, and the female hormone, estrogen, that makes skin finer, less oily, less porous.

So would it follow that an owner of a coarse, big-pored, cobbly skin should be taking estrogen? I know of no case of acne that, given large doses of female hormones, won't result in a smoother, more delicate, less-pored skin. I stress large doses, because there is a tendency to be timid about the portions. But unless it's a severe case, I would try more conservative topical approaches before estrogen. A dermatologist is lucky. Unlike a heart specialist, he can see the organ he's working on. And if a bar of soap or an antibiotic will solve the problem, he's not going to prescribe anything so drastic as estrogen. ***Why is estrogen drastic?*** Hormones are neither to be talked about nor taken glibly. Although estrogen does not necessarily upset the hormonal balance, there is always the possibility of side effects, fluid retention, menstrual irregularity. I would never suggest estrogen for a female child who hasn't reached her full growth, because along with foiling her acne it would stunt her growth. (Incidentally, an experimental anti-androgen seems to be dramatic; it's still purely in the investigative stage.)

What about oral contraceptives? Since they contain estrogen, do they not have the same skin-clearing effect? Birth control pills are mixtures of estrogen, which is beneficial, and progestin, a synthetic hormone which may or may not be beneficial. The effect of oral contraceptives on the skin depends on the hormonal balance of the individual woman. If her body is already producing enough estrogen, she obviously doesn't need more, and might indeed have adverse effects from the additional supply. We have found that skinwise 25% of women on the pill, let's say, improve remarkably, 25% get worse, and 50% notice no skin difference to write home about. For that 25% whose skin condition is aggravated because the pill doesn't create the right individual balance of hormones: we either take them off the pill or switch them to another variety of oral contraceptive.

Is there any relationship between sexual activity and skin? There is no evidence that lack of sexual activity, or mild sexual activity, or wild sexual activity leaves its mark on skin condition. I have treated many nuns, and their skin is no better or no worse than married women's. And I have patients, some of them even scientists, who are convinced that such activity has pronounced significance to their complexions. Perhaps that's because they feel better, one way or another; it's a matter of attitude. . . . I think you could do your readers the service of informing them that it is criminal to tell a young adolescent girl: "Get married and your skin will clear up." That's just not true. The skin *might* clear up because it's going to in time anyway, and it takes a little time to get married. It is equally criminal to create guilt feelings about a bad complexion by relating it to the Biblical Onan. No competent dermatologist or endocrinologist would ever imply that sexual expression of any variety affects the skin. The sex hormones within you, yes, but not the sex life you live. . . . I'm sure there is some physiological endocrinal interreaction; I can't imagine that there's not some hormonal intereffect. Some day research is going to provide fascinations along these lines. But as far as the skin is concerned, no. Not a shred of evidence.

How does facial musculature fit into the face picture? . . . There are no supportive muscles in the skin. There are facial muscles and they help you get wrinkles, the "frown" muscles around the mouth, the "squint" muscles around the eyes. (One side of a face with muscles paralyzed will look years younger than the side with active muscles.) What makes an aging skin sag is not misbehaviour on the part of the muscles, but a skin grown too big for its frame. You are born with, say, a size 8 skin to fit a size 8 face; your face grows eventually to size 12 but your skin grows to size 20. The significant factor here is collagen, the item that supports the skin, the connecting fibre that age flattens, broadens, weakens. We are working on that and someday surely will be able to do corrective things about it. But for sagging skin, there is nothing yet but surgery. . . . Meanwhile, here's a good muscle exercise that can sharpen the contour of the face. Place the base of the tongue against the roof of the mouth. It draws up the underchin, much as you hold your tummy in.

How would you go about creating great skin for the woman reading this right now who has no spectacular skin problem, but is just rather sick and tired of her weary complexion? We would pursue the same procedures as we do with models who may come in as often as once a week to have their faces freshened for the demanding eye of the camera. That starts with cleansing. The concept of not using soap and water is wrong in my opinion. But soap and water can't clean everything. Certain astringents clean better. And acetone and other strong solvents are great for the cloggy pores of the nose. ***What kind of soap?*** Soap is pretty much soap. Superfatted soaps are good for dry skins, drying soaps for oily skin, anti-bacteria soap for skin that enchants bacteria. In my own house, I make no issue over soap because my wife's and my children's skins are fairly average.

After cleansing, what next? We do what we call "exfoliation," removal of the unnecessary outer layers of the (Continued on page 171)



ALEXIS WALDECK

Look at them. Look how narrowly they fall to the body. How high the armholes. How slim the sleeves...SMALL. The way a shirt ought to fit a girl —and now, at last, it does. Terrific, yes? Yesyesyes.... Twins, left: proper little broadcloth shirts with the fit spelled out in black and white—white stitching outlines curved seams down the back of the black shirt, and vice versa. By Country Shirt, of Dacron and cotton. Each, about $15. At Peck & Peck; Sakowitz; Halston's black and white felt cloches, to order at Bergdorf Goodman. Knit fit, right: lean as a bean with small, round, all-time-high armholes—red letter day for the red knit button-down shirt. By Gant for Women, of double-knit worsted: about $20. Lord & Taylor; Rich's; Hudson's; I. Magnin. House of Joy red-and-gilt link bracelet. Coiffures, these four pages: Imo of Imo and Rosalba.



THE FITTED SHIRT

THE FITTED SHIRT

Close as the pages in a book. left: two shoulder-hugging, rib-snugging, shaped-to-the-body silk shirts—without a dart between them. . . . Tapering into belted tan gabardine jodhpurs, with brown boots—sky-blue silk with a fly front. . . . With a chained white wool pants-skirt and red boots—brilliant purple silk fastened with pearly snappers. Sarff-Zumpano hand-woven silk shirts: each, about $70. Wool jodhpur suit (jacket not shown), by Luba for Elite, junior sizes; about $115. Sloat pants-skirt; about $10. All: Bonwit Teller. Shirts also at Neiman-Marcus. Chain belt by House of Joy. Boots: Kickerino's with the pants and Mr. John hat; Golo's with Hudson pantiestockings and Madcaps hat. Work shirt—minimum scale, right: no bosom darts, not an inch of extra fabric bunching around anywhere—the fitted shirt in grass-green jersey with seams chalked out in white stitching. By Adelaar; jersey of Orlon and wool; about $16. Lord & Taylor; Hutzler's; Hudson's; Marshall Field. Sloat skirt. Madcaps hat. Ruza Creations belt.

ALEXIS WALDECK



THE LONG COUNTRY STRIDE

There's great new ground to cover for country weekends. Ground just being staked out by riding-and-jodhpur-length boots, two-way-stretch leather snugging past the knee, walking shoes that walk off with all the honours... all with the new streak-bright look that tights are giving the country. Long-on-green, right: a soft little boot with flat squared toe sends chrome-green kidskin halfway up the calf; chrome-green stockings—two in one—send fishnet over mesh all the way to the hip. Herbert Levine boot. About $45. Bonwit Teller; Julius Garfinckel; Joseph Magnin. Cameo stretch nylon stockings: Bergdorf Goodman; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Carson Pirie Scott. Knee-deep—in deep-red calf, far right: smooth thin leather cut with the craft of a riding boot and spurred by silvery metal above the heel. Imported from Christian Dior, Paris. About $80. Bergdorf Goodman; Stix, Baer & Fuller; I. Magnin. Orlon-and-nylon crochet stockings by Adler. Best & Co.; Joseph Horne. Black leather tunic by Bonnie Cashin for Philip Sills. About $135. Saks Fifth Avenue. Coiffures on these six pages: François of Kenneth.

ALEXIS WALDECK




ALEXIS WALDEK

LONG COUNTRY STRIDES

One for the road—the stirrup shoe, directly above, deep-red leather, a point in favor of one of the greatest country looks on feet, the toe is squared, the sole is stitched, and the shining stirrups held by a leather bar. About $65. It's ready for Hermès of Paris, but you'll find it—a few steps ahead—at Benwit Teller; 1, Magnin. The hot-pink tights of stretch nylon sprigged in yellow mirror-eyed Suzuns are by Rudi Gernreich for the McCallum Boutique. At Benwit Teller. Mini-bloomers and long-sleeved turtle sweater of mustard-coloured Orlon by Alberoy. About $8 each. At Best & Co. Wild as woodland—the shining purple flat right, above, patent leather buckled in patent, putting forth a flat squared toe and going at a sleek clip. By Julianelli. About $40. At Lord & Taylor, Hall Bros. Smashing against chrome-yellow nylon tights dotted all over in dense, pin-wheeled chrome, by Prestige. At Henri Bendel. Zippy tunic of chrome wool jersey, and purple acetate skirt, by Michael Mott for Paraphernalia; in junior sizes; $10. For a cross-country gait—the jodhpur boot, left, below; strapping way to put the miles behind you...sturdy, square-toed brown leather, buckled snug twice about the ankle. By Kickerino. About $17. Andrew Geller. Decorated tights of orange stretch nylon, by Rudi Gernreich for the McCallum Boutique. At Altman's Studio 3; Neusteters. Wool knit dress by Eloise Curtis for David Styne. About $90 at Altman's Studio 3; J. W. [illegible]

LONG COUNTRY STRIDES

The yard-long red leg, right, up-country now—it all begins with shiny oxblood-red leather squaring up the smoothest buckled pump to take to the hills, and keeps right on going up, ribbed in scarlet to the hilt. Herbert Levine shoes. About $42. Bonwit Teller; Kaufmann's; Harzfeld's. Hanes nylon tights. Bergdorf Goodman; Joseph Magnin. Wool dress: Annemarie Gardin. $200. I. Miller Galleria, New York; Nan Duskin; Swansons. The new two-way stretch leather booting it to the thigh, far right—the narrowest look a boot can have, with kid-glove cling all the way; side-striped yellow tights take over where the beige stretch ends. Boots by Delman. About $65. Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin; Sakowitz; Delman, Beverly Hills. Hudson white-striped nylon tights. Henri Bendel; Jordan Marsh, Boston; Joseph Magnin. Side-buckled doublet in grey wool flannel by Bonnie Cashin for Philip Sills. $85. Saks Fifth Avenue. Yellow wool turtleneck from Jax. About $25.



THE NIFTY

AMERICANS

YOUNG CHINCHILLA SUITS. . .READY WITH LITTLE JACKETS, DIRNDL SKIRTS, THE CLINK OF HARDWARE

Made to play the action circuit—limber, walkable suits with shiny hardware: an industrial zipper, or galoshes-clamps from shoulder to hip. Both suits by Sony Schotland for Adolphe Zelinka, and ready now in stores across the country. Zippy cognac, left—a suit of soft brown wool chinchilla cloth, the jacket snugged with a big zipper closing, ring pull. Dirndl skirt with a folded panel at the front. Suit, about $110. Gloves by Van Raalte. Clipped turquoise, right, with small, side-wrapped jacket and skirt, gilt clips that close up everything through square eyelets. Suit of wool chinchilla cloth; about $110. K.J.L. earrings. Tights, both pages, by Beautiful Bryans. The hairpieced coiffures, here and on the following page, by Maury of Kenneth. Both suits, on these pages, at the stores listed on page 176.



LIGHT-UP LACE, BELTED—READY TO GLOW WHEN YOU ARE

Looming luminous, sparkly yellow lace shot with threads of silver and gold—scooped, scalloped, enchanting, shaped with a high narrow belt. By Laurence Gross, in stores across the country, right now. Dress of Whelan lace of rayon, Lurex, and nylon; about $110. Earrings by Mimi di N. Glitter stockings by Bewitching. Dress at the stores listed on page 176.

THE NIFTY AMERICANS

PENATI

SECRETS: *why you need them*

BY ANTHONY WEST

Secrets possess a great fascination. Many people—they tend to be dog people rather than cat people, pack runners rather than loners, joiners—dislike this idea. They pretend that they have no secrets, and they like to argue that there is something neurotic, if not actually perverted, in the thought of keeping either a part of oneself or one's body hidden. One should not be ashamed, they say. One should be honest, and one's life should be free from deceptions. One should be open and frank in everything and about everything.

Superficially these doctrines of moral and spiritual nudism are not unattractive. There is something Greek about them, and they conjure up the vision of a classic, Mediterranean life lived by a people unashamed of their beautiful bodies, in white, doorless houses as spotless inside as out. And there is, too, something undeniably unpleasant about the furtiveness and the physical cringing of those who are tormented by a sense of guilt into living lives of self-concealment and false shame. They are so clearly poisoned by their secrets that one recoils from them.

And yet the need for privacy, and for a private part of one's life, wholly one's own, seems to be planted deeply in the human grain. It declares itself most plainly in children when they reach that age at which they first start going to nursery schools and begin to spend a substantial part of their day away from their parents. They suddenly become liars and they will tell their mothers and fathers fantastic, and obviously untrue, stories about the things they do with their teachers or their playground friends. Some parents are distressed by this development, in spite of its universality, and allow themselves to be haunted by the fear that there has been either a sudden deterioration in their child's character or a collapse in trust and confidence in them.

The truth is that children have discovered that a part of their life is their private possession, and they are fighting, and will fight tenaciously, to keep this new treasure a secret. They feel an instinctive need for an area of darkness in which they can hide from the bright glare of their parents' excess of knowledge of all the children do and in which they can be wholly themselves. Wise parents will not intrude on this hidden lair of their children's identity, even in adolescence, when it is liable to become a habitat surrounded by dense thickets of mystery frequented on something like a full time basis by a total stranger. Children's disappearance into a world of their own making or their own choosing may be an alarming event, but this escape is an essential phase of growth and transformation into an independent adult. The proud boast "my children tell me everything" is generally a warning that they are being stunted and starved, and turned into the human equivalent of the ingeniously dwarfed trees loved by Japanese bonsai collectors. Children need their secret lives if they are to become themselves, just as the tree must be allowed to spread its web of roots freely in the darkness under the ground, if it is to grow to its full height and beauty.

Secrets are, too, a protective armour that every individual must have, if he is to preserve his integrity in the conditions of modern life. He must always have something hidden, in reserve, to withhold from the secret policemen, the brainwashers, the corrupters, and the manipulators, who are constantly trying to turn people into their creatures and instruments. They know the importance of each man's hidden self, and when they have occasion to break an individual's will, that is always the first thing at which they strike.

Whenever a state machine wishes to convert a human being into its passive instrument, it begins by putting him through an initiatory ritual, almost identical in every country in the world, in which he is stripped, symbolically washed clean under watchful official eyes, given a humiliating medical examination, and deprived of his hair. After his reduction to utter nakedness, he is broken of his last lingering needs for personal privacy and taught to perform all his most intimately personal physical functions in the plain sight of other people. All this is deliberately done to show him that he no longer has any rights in his own person and that he has lost the privilege of withholding any part of himself from the authorities set over him. A truly secret and untouchable self lying hidden deeply beneath one's strippable surfaces is a necessity if one is to withstand these elaborate techniques of depersonalization.

There is another kind of secret that plays an important part in one's daily life, that of the often very substantial discrepancy between what one is and (Continued on page 176)



In the state of go Mrs. Harry S. Hunt, a young, narrow-boned San Franciscan with white gold hair, warms up her husband's motorcycle before the races at Willow Springs, California



THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA GO:

California, like an emerging nation, is sweeping out nostalgia. Rocking with new ideas, it is the place for the young. Education is Big Business. Medical research is Big Business. Big Business is bigger business. The young rush for jobs, important ones, in the Big Business, aerospace. Thinkers are Big, planning not for the next ten years but for the next twenty-five and beyond. Painters and sculptors come in clusters, all experimenting. There is California Sound. There is California Theatre. In fact, California seems like a gigantic experiment. The wind is flowing east. Blowing fresh. (Continued)

SPEED, EXPANSE, AND STRETCH OF LAND

NORMAN PARKINSON

IN
No generalities apply—except: space, change, growth, possibility, pride, and pace. Too various to define, too quickly veering, California calls up
THE
comparatives. The president of the RAND Corporation said: "On the whole it's more experimental than the East." An independ-
STATE
ent record producer said: "People here are more involved in what they are doing. It's more real here." More. More. Nothing stands still in the State of Go.
OF GO:

CALIFORNIA SURFING

Joyce Hoffman, right, *a twenty-year-old Californian, has been Women's World Surfing Champion for two years. She surfs five out of seven days, travelling, trying all the California beaches. Competing around the world, she brings with her that ultimately California look: tall, taut, sun-tanned, sun-blond, relaxed, a girl with her feet in the sea.*



MRS. WILLIAM F. HOPKINS JR.

MRS. DONALD BREN

IN CALIFORNIA: *Mrs. William Franklin Hopkins, junior....A twenty-two-year-old beauty with a serene, self-contained, almost enigmatic quality. Slender, small-boned; chestnut hair, gold-brown eyes; pale skin lightly brushed by the California sun. Lives, with her husband and two little boys, in a charming house in Pacific Palisades, with additions she designed. Interested in architecture, writing; reads voraciously. Mrs. Donald Bren....Another beautiful Californian who doesn't fit into the sun-streaked, golden-girl image, Mrs. Bren has untanned alabaster skin, immense dark-brown eyes. But her squared nails are very much in the California fashion, and so is her life: she's in and out of the water all day in summer, and skis—superbly—all winter. The Brens live in Newport Beach, an enchanting seaside community, laced with canals.*

THE WINNING

26 PAGES PHOTOGRAPHED IN CALIFORNIA BY NORMAN PARKINSON

You look at Dean Martin, junior, and his sister Claudia, and you know what you've heard about California must be true—they really do grow the tallest, fittest, friendliest, joie-de-vivre-iest, most attractive kids in the world. They sparkle, they smile a lot, and they don't wait for luck to strike—they strike first....Claudia, right, in a Rudi Gernreich black knit cobbler's apron and white jumpsuit, is twenty-three, a delicious-looking girl who acts. So far: a Bob Hope tour; fifteen TV *shows; two movies*—For Those Who Think Young *and* Ski Fever. *...Dino, junior—the handsome young neo-Edwardian at left, and right, in turtleneck and white ducks—is still in his teens. He does* TV, *too. And movies* (Rough Night in Jericho *set for release;* A Boy...A Girl... *follows). And—with a grooving trio called Dino, Desi and Billy—rock records. Hit rock records—big enough hits to buy a boy his own silver Ferrari, seen gleaming at right.*

NORMAN PARKINSON

WEST



CLAUDIA MARTIN AND
DEAN MARTIN, JUNIOR

RAQUEL WELCH

THE WINNING WEST: CALIFORNIA FASHION IN A STATE OF GO

JILL TOWNSEND

Here they come—ten pages of winning new ways to look this autumn...all from California. The big-collared trench coat, opposite, in sizzling-orange wool twill, belted over a matching wool jersey dress. Worn by Raquel Welch, a California dazzler in London now, making her eighth movie: 20th Century-Fox's Bedazzled, co-starring Peter Cook. Coat and dress by Charles Cooper for Cooper-Couture. At Altman's; Nan Duskin; Halle Bros.; Frost Bros. Gloves by Sant' Angelo for Crescendoe-Superb. Lady Exeter knee socks. Dan Berk shoes, at Bonwit Teller. The little white dress, this page, wonderfully fresh and pretty in cotton calico, with a snug shirred bodice, small bounce of skirt. Here, on Jill Townsend, the young American actress, who'll star this autumn in a CBS-TV series called "Cimmaron Strip." Dress, about $40. By and at Jax. Pantie stockings by Phoenix. Coiffures here and on the next eight pages, by Carrie White of Beverly Hills.

NORMAN PARKINSON

THE WINNING WEST: VESTS AND MINI-PANTS... AFTER-SCHOOL SUITS

Mountain larks, below: two vest-and-mini-pants turnouts....In the background: white turtleneck of rayon and wool, orange wool jersey vest. Each, about $16. Tweedy brown mini-pants of wool, cotton, rayon, and nylon, about $14. Foreground: orange shirt of Dacron and Avron, about $14. Brown vest, about $14, and matching mini-pants, about $9, of Crompton cotton corduroy. All by and at Lanz; junior sizes. Also, Bonwit Teller; Neiman-Marcus. Adolfo hat. Lady Exeter socks. Shoes by Golo. For kicks, after-school suits, opposite: black-and-white checked Japanese-schoolgirl dress, black short-pants suit, both with white collars, big red bows. Wool knit suits, knee socks, by Rudi Gernreich for Harmon Knitwear. Checked, about $70. Black, about $85. Matching Bretons, knapsacks, by Layne Nielson for Rudi Gernreich. All: Bonwit Teller; Nan Duskin. Shoes: Nina, Charles Jourdan. Setting: California's Big Sur.

NORMAN PARKINSON





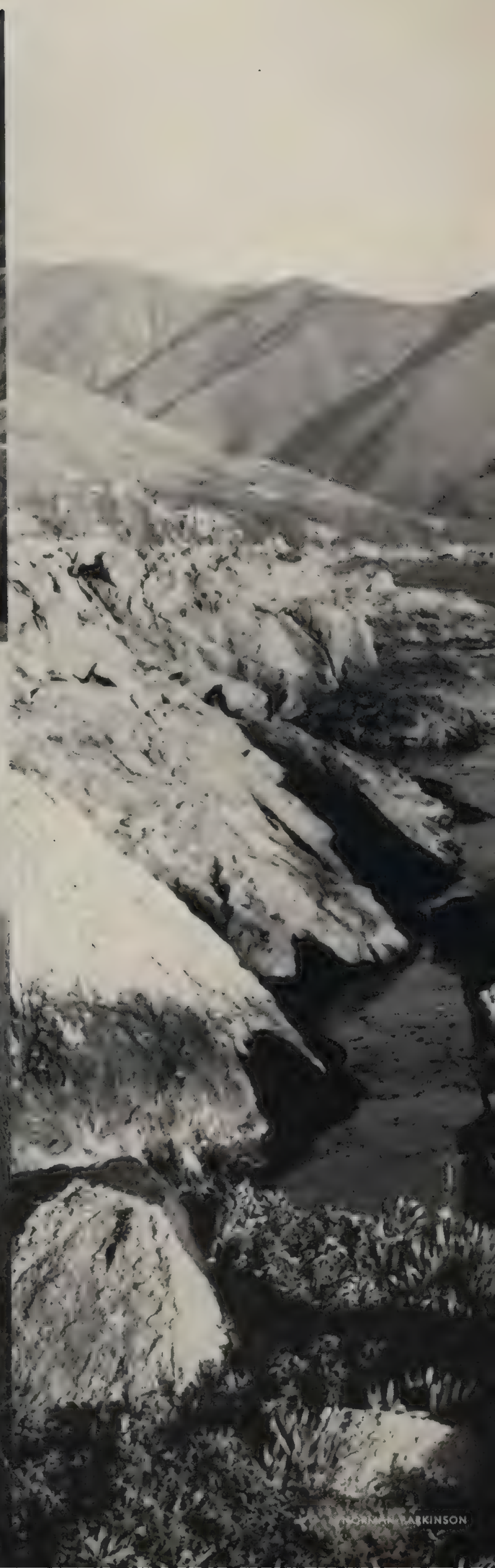
THE WINNING WEST: FURRED TRENCH COAT... PLAID PANTS-DRESS

Fur collars the trench coat, opposite, and a nice catch, this—in beige wool twill with notched collar and facing of unplucked brown nutria. By Jean Louis. At Bergdorf Goodman; Marshall Field; Sakowitz; I. Magnin. Gloves, Sant' Angelo for Crescendoe-Superb. Lady Exeter knee socks. Mademoiselle shoes. Look out for the plaid pants-dress, this page, it's a winner all the way—from belted shirt-top to the short split of skirt, in a bold black plaid on orange knitted wool. By Charles Cooper; Jasco fabric. About $145. Gloves by Sant' Angelo for Crescendoe-Superb. Calderon belt. All: Saks Fifth Avenue. Dress: Harzfeld's; Gus Mayer; Neiman-Marcus; Frederick & Nelson. Kickerino boots. Spectacular surf-pounded background, these pages: California's rugged Big Sur.

NORMAN PARKINSON

THE WINNING WEST:
BIG ZIPS...
LITTLE TWEEDS
AND CORDUROY

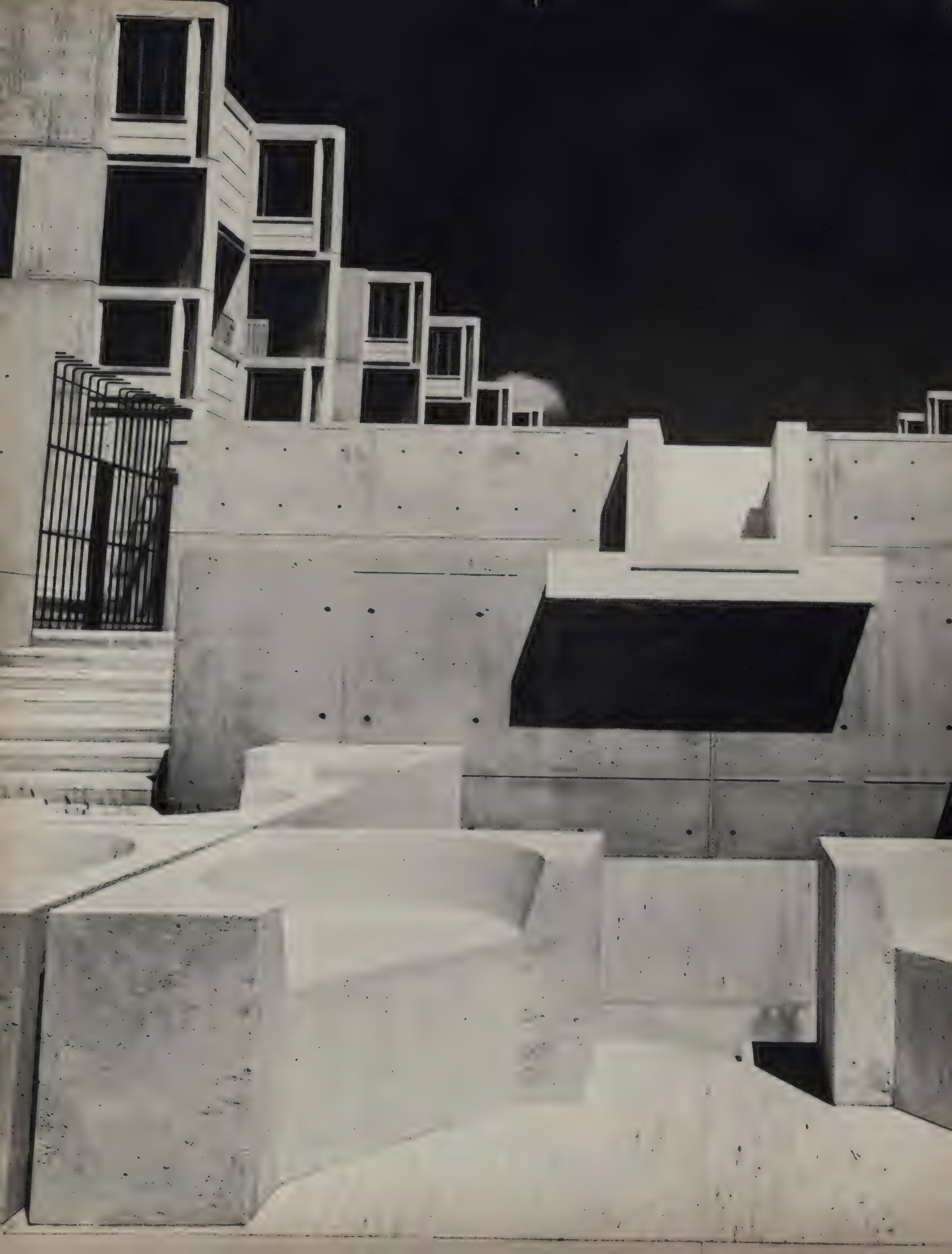




Corduroy tent coat starring the big zipper, opposite above: pale beige with the tallest turtleneck in the West, a matching skirt. By Stanley Nelson; Crompton cotton corduroy. About $125. At Bonwit Teller; Montaldo's; Bullock's-Wilshire. Ruza Creations shoulder bag. Adler socks. Golo shoes. Autumn-tweed turnout, opposite below: navy-and-rust double-breasted wool coat drawn in by a high belt over its own rust wool jersey dress. Turnout by Richard Tam. (Coat's own belt not shown.) At Evelyn Byrnes; I. Magnin; Liberty House, Hawaii. Van S Authentics bracelets. Saint Laurent for Colony belt. Kislav gloves. Forward-looking tweed, this page: beige-black-and-white jacket, skirt and beige crêpe blouse in one piece. By Helga. Scotney wool and cotton; rayon blouse. Calderon belt. Glentex scarf. Old England watch. All: Bonwit Teller. Costume: Nan Duskin; Julius Garfinckel; J. W. Robinson. Beautiful Bryans tights. Golo boots. M. Warner sunglasses. Sant' Angelo for Crescendoe-Superb gloves.

A skirt with swing, left, for an easy, chain-belted white twill dress with big brown buttons, patch pockets. A Ban-Lon dress of Dacron. By Irene. About $200. At Altman's; Montaldo's; Bullock's-Wilshire. Calderon belt. M. Warner sunglasses. Knee socks by Belle-Sharmeer. Belted plaid, right: black-on-green windowpane wool for a jacket, bounce of dirndl with a black knit top. Wool mark jacket-dress by Georgia Bullock; Anglo wool. About $185. De Pinna; Rich's; Marshall Field; Sakowitz; J. W. Robinson. Sant' Angelo for Crescendoe-Superb gloves: Lord & Taylor. Saint Laurent for Colony belt: Bloomingdale's. Design Palmroth boots. Settings: Silverado—in California's halcyon Napa Valley—new site for the good life, with some of the best golfing ever.

THE WINNING WEST: PLEAT-SKIRT DRESS... DIRNDL-SKIRT SUIT



IN CALIFORNIA:

THINK POWER WITH ARCHITECTURAL GO

It is one of the wonders of California—the new, extraordinary Salk Institute for Biological Studies in its own startling grey blocks, designed by the great Philadelphian architect, Louis I. Kahn, near La Jolla. Dr. Salk, the notable developer of a vaccine for poliomyelitis, is a brisk, sunburned, clipped-talking scientist, who recently and abruptly told an interviewer that he could have nine minutes and after eight minutes and fifty seconds Dr. Salk rose to terminate the talk, leaving ten seconds for the formal courtesies of parting. During the nine minutes, however, he explained that his Institute is concerned with the new science of Molecular and Cellular Biology; it is part biology, part physics, and part chemistry. "Molecular and Cellular Biology is based on the principle that what goes on within the individual cell . . . is the clue to what goes on in the individual." (There are about one-hundred million million cells in each person.) Dr. Salk asks big questions, wants an accumulation of small answers. To achieve this aim he uses, in addition to physical scientists, philosophers of science and scientists of the humanities. Now he has the group and he has part of his buildings. The two main blocks with plaza are like high-risers lying on their sides. While the laboratories are as advanced as possible technically, the Institute has "think" towers, divided into pleasant rooms which have been done like living rooms. Incidentally, no one can just drop in to these private studies. Because Dr. Salk is both a visionary and a practical man he has seen to it that his scientists have panels of slate with available chalk placed on the exterior walls which the staff uses to explain matters to each other as they walk around their marvellously brutal building with one side open to the Pacific Ocean.

Opposite: *The remarkably stern buildings of The Salk Institute where scientists look for the answers to such questions as this: "What sort of bodily regulation polices the cure, but lets the killer run free?"*

Below: *Dr. Jonas E. Salk, a severe, deliberate, patient visionary as concentrated as a laser beam, is working now at his Institute on the mechanism, the mysterious mechanism, whereby grafts, tumours, and normal tissues are retained or rejected by the body's immunologic system. On his staff are more than one hundred and fifty people, many of them Resident Fellows, each with a superbly qualified group of research associates, all the Fellows free to choose the program and the way they want to work.*

NORMAN PARKINSON

DR. JONAS E. SALK



GOVERNOR AND MRS. RONALD REAGAN



DR. FRANKLIN D. MURPHY

THE POWERS THAT MAKE CALIFORNIA

BY HORACE SUTTON

"Los Angeles is all new, it's all different. It's no longer a place where they just make movies."

Different it is, indeed. From Eureka in the north to the edge of Mexico, California is shaking with industry and ideas. It is deep in art and aerospace. Its technical complexes feed on the new brains that come, packaged, tied, and bursting with promise, from its enormous educational factories. The campuses roil with the ferment of social change. Professors and technicians are vacuumed from the rest of the country and put to work in great think centres that produce nothing but ideas and concepts, some for the government and some for private industry.

In half a decade Los Angeles has built a combination of culture halls that most cities would be gratified to accumulate in half a century. If movies have foresaken Hollywood for Yugoslavia and Spain, ninety-eight per cent of the prime-time shows flickering on television across the nation are made in California. Twenty-five per cent of all the Federal funds for space and defense projects are pouring into California. So are doctors who once might have dreamed of practices in offices on Park Avenue. And educators who once might have hankered for professorial chairs at Harvard. One industrialist said: "There's a great opportunity for young lawyers. We have more litigation in the city of Los Angeles than in all England."

What happened? California used to be a place to retire in the sun. It was once a repository for all the country's kooks, the chilled, the Okies, and the ungainfully unemployed. It was once an orange grove and an oil field, a movie lot full of stars, and all of it disdained by the sophisticated East. In 1937, Lorenz Hart wrote the lyric "Hate California, it's cold and it's damp, . . ."* Soubrettes sang it on Broadway, and all the knowing heads nodded.

Otis Chandler, the thirty-nine-year-old publisher of the *Los Angeles Times* said: "I used to go East and have to apologize all the time." Tall, broad, hair bleached by the sun, a surfer and a former Pacific Coast shot-put record holder, a vision of California incarnate, Chandler said: "I used to walk into offices in Washington and New York and feel a real sense of embarrassment, or, if not that, I had a chip on my shoulder. Now they come up and touch you and say, 'You do have a great state and a great paper. Tell me about your great companies and your universities.'

"Suddenly California isn't a bad word anymore. And it did happen suddenly. You woke up one morning and said, There's California!"

The new morrow's California is vigorous, young, and energetic. There may be lots of golf courses, but tennis is its game, played hard and well and, if necessary, at night. The blooming may have been sudden, but the cultivation took twenty years. The United States Pacific involvement in World (Continued on page 150)

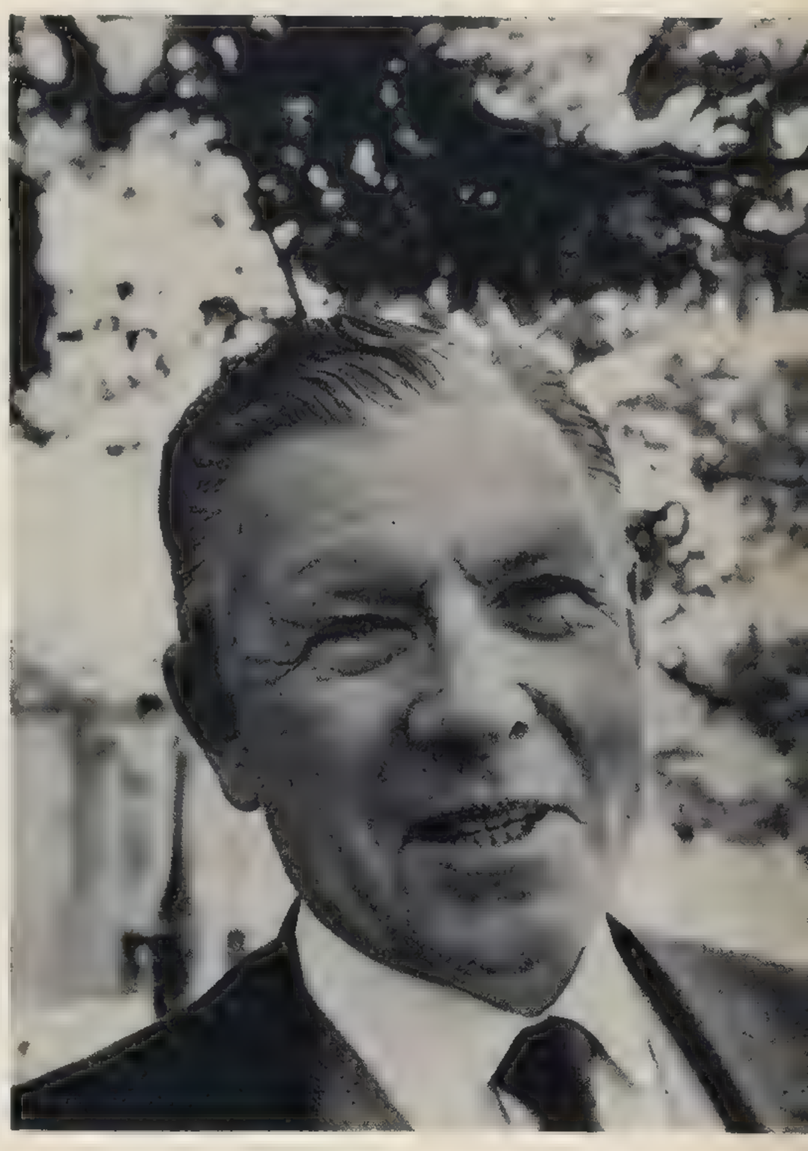
* © 1937 BY CHAPPELL & CO., INC., NEW YORK, N. Y.



MRS. NORMAN CHANDLER



CHARLES B. THORNTON



SENATOR GEORGE L. MURPHY

GOVERNOR AND MRS. RONALD REAGAN *have California power, know its excitement. She, reserved but not retiring, with gingery-snappy good looks, snatches the outdoor life. The Governor comes on with dark-molasses charm and disarming talk. His big kick is to involve business brains in the problems of the state. Part of his time is spent in the simple denial that he will run for the Presidency on the Republican ticket.* DR. FRANKLIN D. MURPHY, *Chancellor of the University of California at Los Angeles, is a medical doctor with a full background in education, who has helped cure some of the university's ills. Informal, informed, interested in many fields, Dr. Murphy, who sits on the board of directors of a variety of Big Businesses, doesn't mind politicking for more education for more students.* MRS. NORMAN CHANDLER, *a handsome, stately woman with a smile that has charmed birds off trees, is as resistible as a blowtorch. Now that The Music Center of Los Angeles County with its Dorothy Chandler Pavilion is well away, although Dorothy Chandler still keeps both eyes on the Center, she is giving full strength, as a State Regent, to the search for a new president of the enormous and spreading University of California.* CHARLES B. THORNTON *is head of Litton Industries, Inc., an umbrella name for a company that makes some nine thousand products. Even when he is standing still, Thornton, a Texan, an Air Force colonel in World War II, seems to be racing for time.* U.S. SENATOR GEORGE L. MURPHY, *who especially digs into questions of education, the war on poverty, and pollution control, shows films of rocketry and aerospace experiments in his Washington, D.C., office (with its director's chair marked "Murph") to explain the scope of California industry.* JOHN COPLANS *and* MAURICE TUCHMAN *are pivots in the California art world, Coplans as the new Curator of the Pasadena Art Museum, Tuchman as the Curator of Modern Art of the Los Angeles County Museum of Art. Both men are shown here at the latter museum's gigantic exhibition, "American Sculpture of the Sixties."*

JOHN COPLANS AND MAURICE TUCHMAN

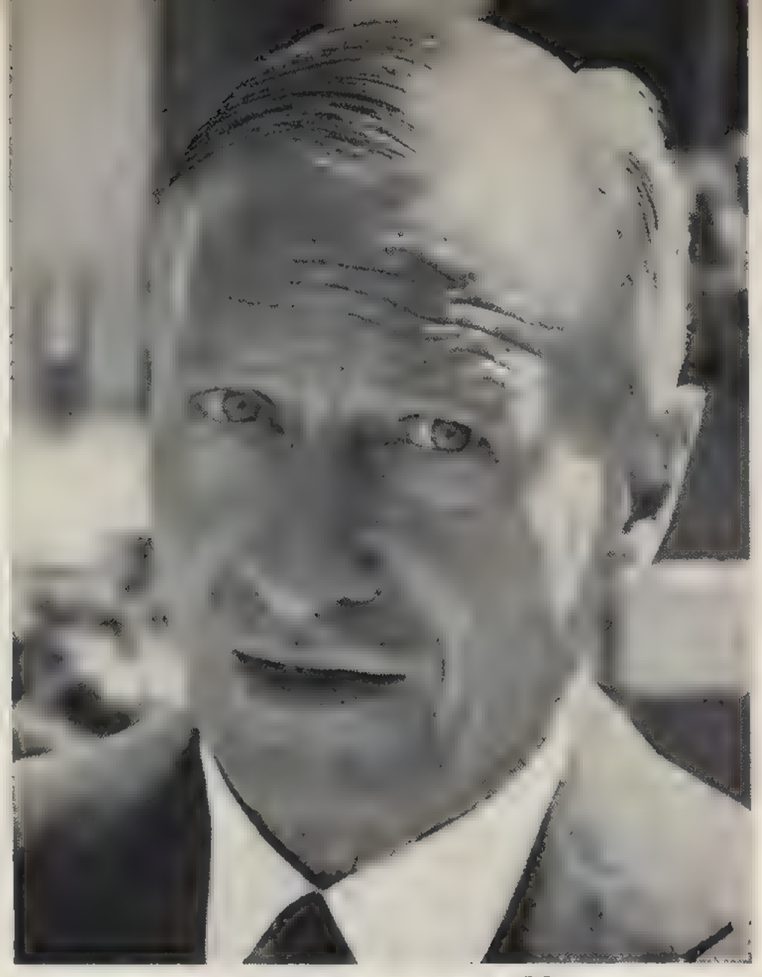


GO

NORMAN PARKINSON



JOHN KORTY



OTTO N. MILLER

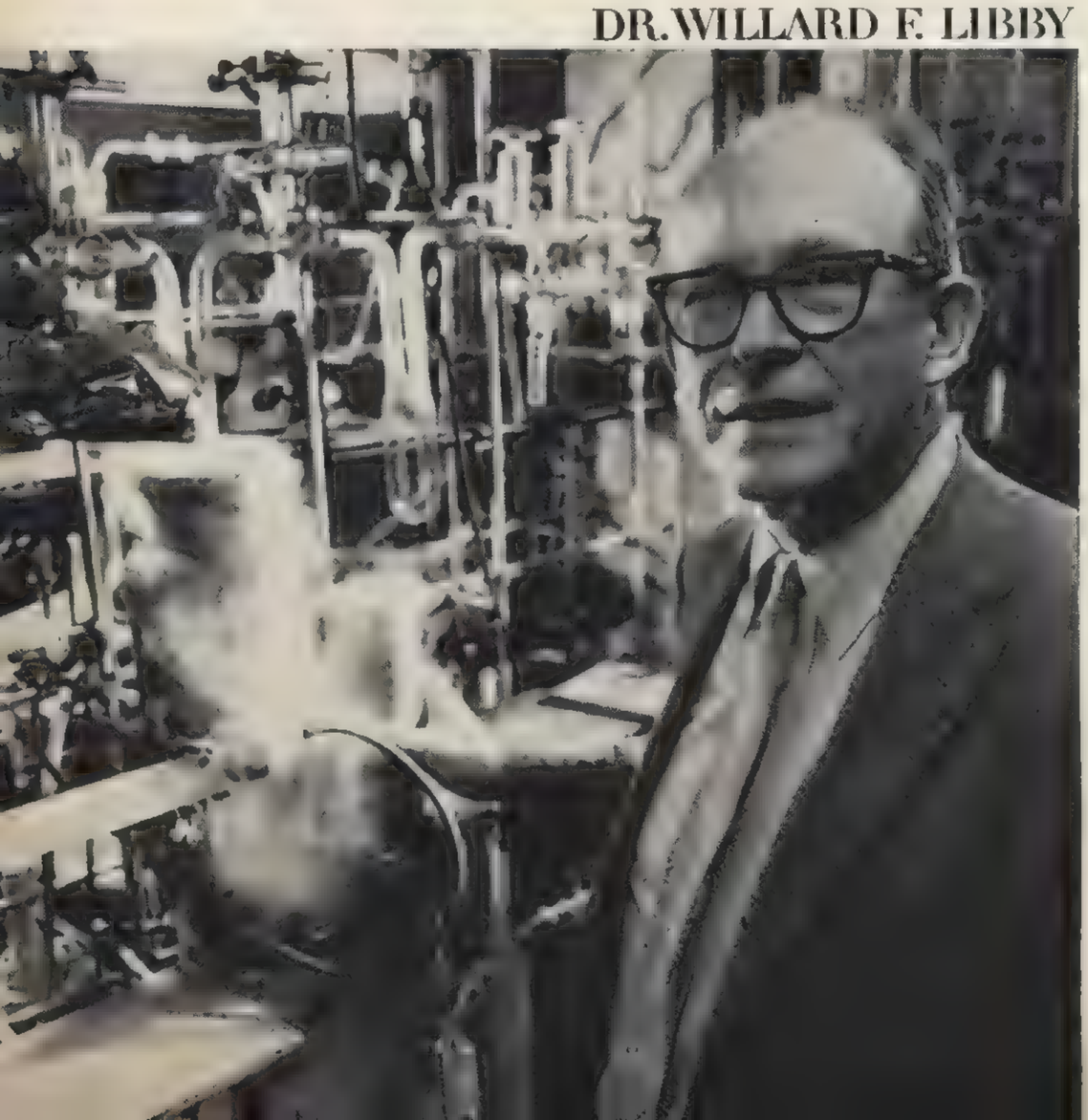


KATHARINE ROSS



SENATOR THOMAS H. KUCHEL

DR. WILLARD F. LIBBY



CALIFORNIA GO

War II brought masses of servicemen to the West Coast, both for training and for staging before sailing westward to war. They never forgot the benign weather, the nearness of the desert, the sea, and the skiable mountains.

At the end of World War II every California institute of learning was packed with veterans studying on the G.I. Bill. The University of Southern California, which now has an enrollment of eighteen thousand, crowded twenty-seven thousand students onto its post-war campus.

These new young Californians joined the thousands who had migrated during the war to work in the aircraft factories and the other thousands who had earlier made the Depression trek looking for work and warmth. As the population increased, the local market became formidable enough to support a factory, and the Eastern industrial companies saved freight by building assembly plants where the new market had appeared.

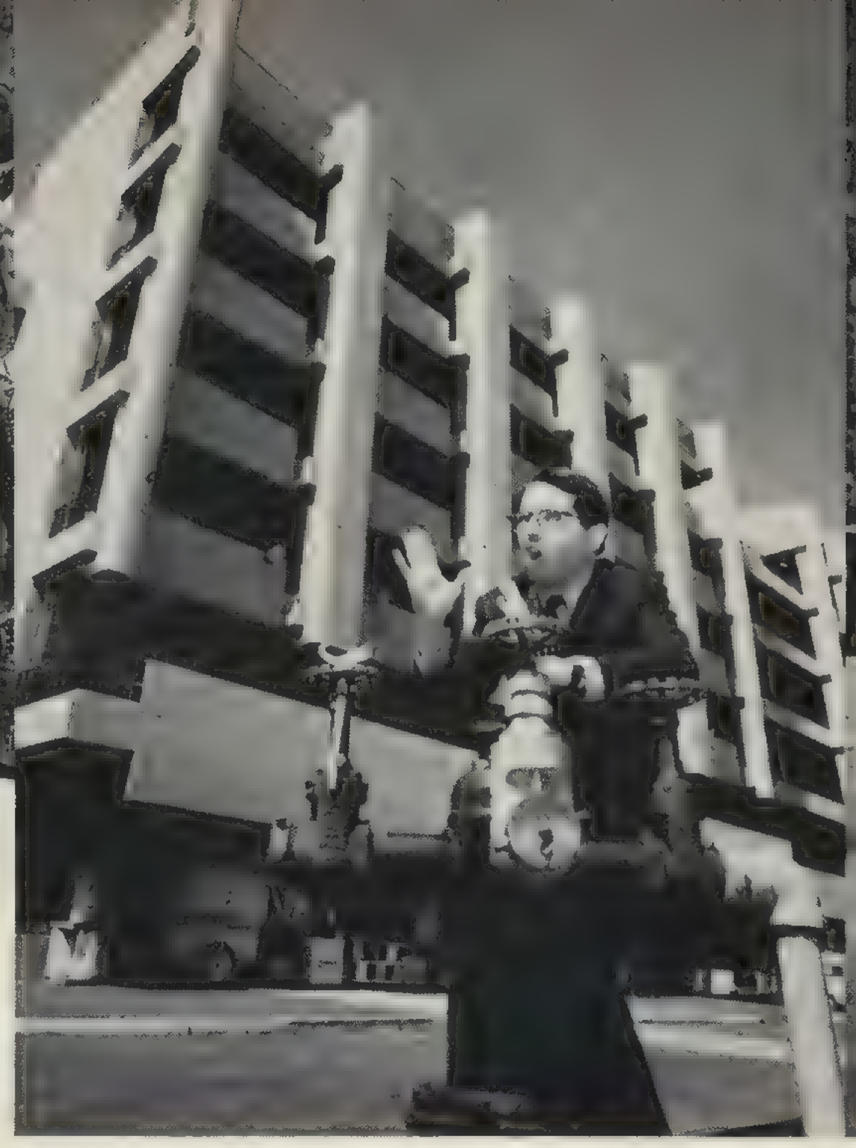
At war's end, the old-line industries like General Electric and the automobile companies went back to selling refrigerators and automobiles and had to rush to keep up with the demand. In California the war companies had nothing to go back to, so they looked for new frontiers. They had skills and technological know-how and, if called on, they would be ready.

Then came the great technological explosion fanned by the war, fed by atomic power, and finally detonated by the lofting of the first Sputnik. California had relatively new companies, excellent schools, and attractive weather. It had been in the airframe business for decades. Long ago the first airplane builders had moved West for the same reason the movies had left the early studios in Astoria, Long Island. In California there were more "shooting days" and the real estate was plentiful. The desert was ideal for experimental manoeuvres, labour was easy to find, and the cost of living, especially in Southern California, is below the United States average. The transition from aviation to aerospace was natural and imperceptible. Aerospace brought electronics, space medicine, meteorology, and a thousand other specialties. The development of electronic computers cleared new trails for research to follow. In 1947 the government spent one and one-half billion dollars in research. By 1967 the figure had ballooned to twenty billion.

Such cerebral centres as the highly classified RAND Corporation, came to California with the aviation industry. RAND, which now occupies a neat, new, if low-keyed building overlooking the beach in Santa Monica, was begun in 1946 as an Army Air Forces research agency administered by (Continued on page 169)



VANESSA REDGRAVE, RICHARD HARRIS, FRANCO NERO ON THE SET OF "CAMELOT"



GERALD M. McCUE



JUAN MARICHAL OF THE GIANTS

DR. WILLARD F. LIBBY *won the Nobel Prize in 1960 for his creative work on carbon-14, a method which gives the date of ancient matter by the amount of radiocarbon present. A tall, bald, gentle chemist, he spends about a quarter of the year at his carbon-dating laboratories at U.C.L.A. where he teaches a freshman chemistry class. Through the dating process he can tell that a piece of wood, taken from a castle, is as old as the time of William the Conqueror. In the Libby laboratory a sign reads "Think! There must be a harder way to do it."* U.S. SENATOR THOMAS H. KUCHEL, *the Minority Whip, serves on the powerful Appropriations Committee, and beams much of his blazing vitality on matters of natural resources, public lands, rapid industrial expansion, and population growth—all, clearly, California urgencies.* JOHN KORTY, *the young, experimental movie director and producer who made the happy-at-heart film* Crazy Quilt, *runs, in a garage, the six-man film industry of Stinson Beach, a glorious sweep of cliffs and shore.* OTTO N. MILLER, *Chairman of the Board and chief executive officer of the Standard Oil Company of California (annual capital expenditure of up to seven hundred million dollars) deals with, in this order, "People, planning, and organization."* KATHARINE ROSS, *freckled, tanned, a golden-brown girl, now a star, rides the renewed California go rush in the film industry, just finished* The Graduate, *directed by Mike Nichols.* CAMELOT, *an enormous movie with a glitter group of stars.* GERALD M. MCCUE, *Chairman of the Department of Architecture at the University of California at Berkeley, was photographed here with the laboratory, "a kind of gutsy building," he designed for the Chevron Research Company. Compact, vigorous, gesturing to put body English on what he means, Mr. McCue said, "Here space is our most precious commodity."* JUAN MARICHAL, *a terrible-tempered Mr. Big, pitches for the San Francisco Giants. His bag of ball-throwing tricks, his above-the-head wind-up kick have the flair that grabs Giants' fans.* WILLIAM BALL, *General Director of the American Conservatory Theatre, fills two large theatres in San Francisco with casts stirred together from solid pros and kids in training.* DANIEL J. HAUGHTON *is Chairman of the Board of Lockheed Aircraft, an enormous corporation that makes planes, submarines, and computer systems, looks imaginatively ahead to the next century. (Thirty-one per cent of its work in 1966 was for the Federal missile, space, and propulsion programs.) The man behind all that is an easy Alabamian who gets to his office at six-thirty in the morning.*



WILLIAM BALL

DANIEL HAUGHTON



NORMAN PARKINSON



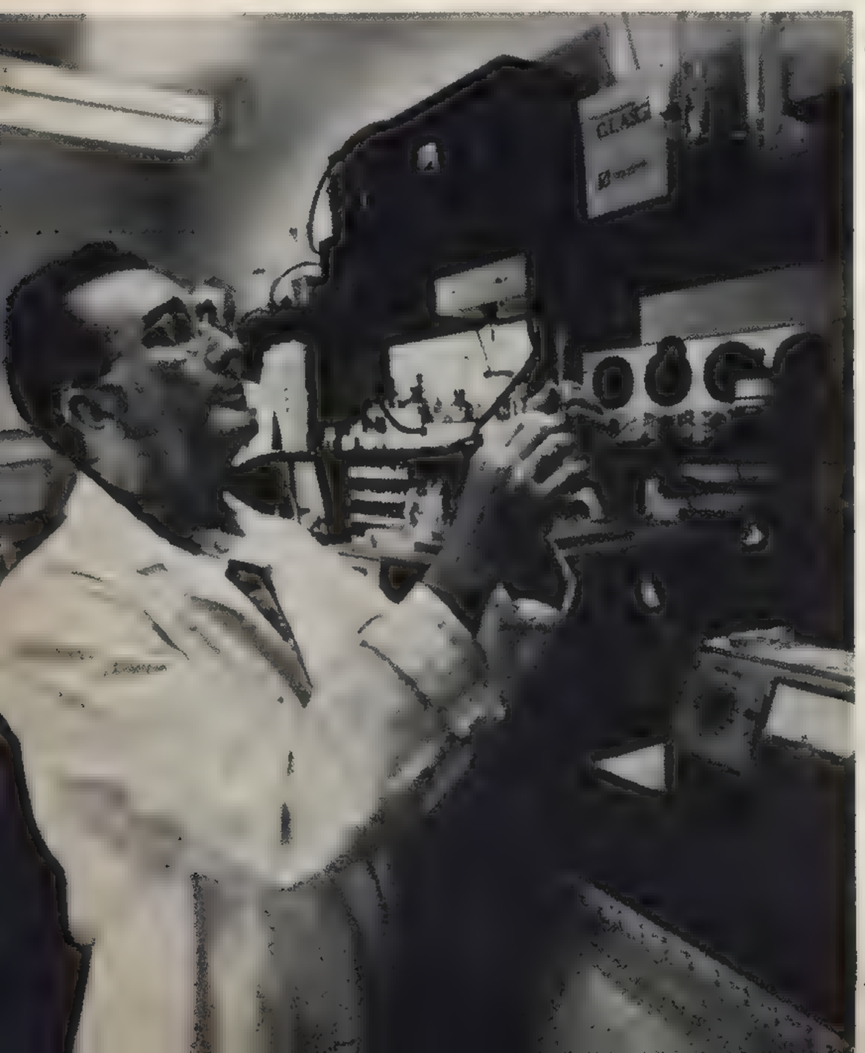
JOSEPH ESHERICK



GRACE SLICK OF "THE JEFFERSON AIRPLANE"



HENRY S. ROWEN



DR. A. DINSMOOR WEBB

MR. AND MRS. ROBERT ROWAN

CALIFORNIA GO

DR. A. DINSMOOR WEBB, *Acting Chairman of the Department of Viticulture and Enology at the University of California at Davis, connects with most of the state's wine producers on everything from choice of root stock to tasting. Defining an enologist as "part chemist, artist, and plant specialist," Dr. Webb, who took his Ph.D. working on the first atomic bomb, now explores, among other things, the delicate identification of aroma traces: In wine, just one flavour fraction may contain two to thirty elements.* HENRY S. ROWEN, *President of The* RAND *Corporation, juggles the aims of some of the country's best brains. A tall, intense, forty-one-year-old man who plays tennis to knock pressure back, Mr. Rowen considers that one of* RAND'S *principal functions is to train people for government, but not by formal instruction. "*RAND'S *single most distinguishing feature," he said, "may be the deliberate attempt to get different disciplines to work together." A graduate in engineering from Massachusetts Institute of Technology and in economics from Oxford in England, with a background of work in the Defense Department and the Bureau of the Budget, Mr. Rowen is a case of his own point.* JOSEPH ESHERICK, *one of San Francisco's most imaginative architects was photographed here at the house he designed for Dr. and Mrs. Gordon E. Bermak on a plunge of land high above Oakland. A professor of architecture at the University of California at Berkeley, Mr. Esherick grew up and studied in Philadelphia. California hooked him because, "Californians are interested and adaptable." Here, Mr. Esherick's non-stereotyped buildings flourish.* GRACE SLICK, *who has good-girl eyes and a voice that shakes walls, sings with The Jefferson Airplane, possibly the best-known rock-and-yell group born in California. Among these hard-working, wholly unhomogenized musicians surrounded by refrigerator-sized sound boxes and a gaggle of electronic equipment, Grace Slick looks calm, cool, and improbable as a daffodil.* MR. AND MRS. ROBERT ROWAN *have a provocative, searching art collection which they keep partly on the walls of their house in Pasadena, partly at the Pasadena Art Museum of which Mr. Rowan is the president, and partly in storage where they keep most of their eleven Olitskis until they find the space to hang them. In the photograph opposite, the Rowans with five of their paintings taken down from the house walls: left to right, a Francis Bacon, a small black-and-white Franz Kline, a Morris Louis, and a de Kooning, with, on the balcony, an Andy Warhol. On top of the Bacon, a toaster by James Rosenquist. The Collection includes an early Kirchner, Gorky, Hofmann, Lichtenstein, Billy Al Bengston, Poons, Ron Davis, and seven more paintings by Morris Louis. In addition, the Rowans own Ruken, a champion three-year-old who won the 1967 Santa Anita Derby with its $100,000 stake.*

NORMAN PARKINSON



STREAK IN SAN FRANCISCO

Through a city which has sometimes fattened on nostalgia runs, like a blast of energy, a don't-look-back crowd. It includes the young who know where the music groups that have influenced the whole country start: in San Francisco at the Fillmore Auditorium with its tin washtub of free apples in the lobby, or at the Avalon with its fluorescent puppets. The young push the good new art in the galleries; they are on to the creative ferment, some of it in Haight-Ashbury. They know. They go. They're whizzes. Example, here: Mrs. Blair Fuller, a green-eyed streak with a quick ear for what's up. Her husband, who has taught creative writing at Stanford University and has had two novels published, is an editor of *The Paris Review* and is now writing a play. She is an associate in the Hansen Gallery for art. They live with their young son in an old small house, overlooking the Bay, that is filled with witty, brightly coloured, any-period things. They know the nuts, the brains, the talents that help make the scene—and that the scene in San Francisco doesn't stand still. Nor do they.

THE BLAIR FULLERS

Near right: *In front of the Fuller's bright-red house, Mr. and Mrs. Fuller with their bright-red mini-Cooper, which they bought numbered for racing. Behind the hedge of white daisies, Mrs. Fuller grows kitchen herbs.*
Far right: *Mrs. Fuller with Anthony Blair, who is not yet two, in her kitchen, with a nude over the stove and a Pop window arranged with things she in fact uses for cooking.*



Mr. and Mrs. Sidney F. Brody, above, in the open sun-flashed court at the core of their home with the brilliant ceramic tile mural "The Cock," made for the Brodys by Henri Matisse in 1953, and, right, a Degas bronze. Far right: *On a terrace bordered in geraniums, superb bronzes shown here, "The Kiss," by Rodin (a first casting by Rodier), and "La Masseuse" by Degas.*

GREAT ART IN LOS ANGELES

MR. AND MRS. SIDNEY F. BRODY WITH THEIR MAGNIFICENT COLLECTION OF ART, THEIR HOUSE DESIGNED FOR SUN, FRIENDS, FLOWERS, FOR THE MULTIPLE INTERESTS OF AN AMUSING, VITAL, EFFECTIVE COUPLE

NORMAN PARKINSON



GREAT ART IN LOS ANGELES

Two good reasons for the outburst of art and interest in art in California now: Mr. and Mrs. Sidney F. Brody who have uncommon energy, direction, and humour. Paired, their individual strengths reinforce each other. Mr. Brody is President of the Board of Trustees of the vigorous new Los Angeles County Museum of Art. A moving force in the U.C.L.A. Art Council, Mrs. Brody was its president. The Brodys' spreading, sun-and-plant-filled house is, to the last specially designed table or lamp, a remarkable statement of joint interests and tastes. Of their superb collection of paintings all but two were chosen by Mr. and Mrs. Brody together. Singly, each radiates power of presence. Mrs. Brody, for instance, a tanned, fleet woman, often barefoot, has eyes of that intense, deep brown usually reserved for young children. When the Brodys planned their house and its gardens in Los Angeles, they worked almost daily for a year with the architect A. Quincy Jones and the interior designer William Haines. To get the house right they had a model built, and discovered three flaws unapparent in the drawn plans. Mrs. Brody said: "We wanted a house that was red brick painted white, had a pitched roof, and enough wall space for paintings and books." Caring, they got a great deal more.

MRS. SIDNEY F. BRODY IN HER LIVING ROOM

In a room with walls obliquely angled to stretch the sense of space, are, among many, these notable paintings and sculptures: Far left, a Modigliani 1919 painting, "Jeanne Hébuterne." On the piano, an incised and painted plaster plaque by Braque. Against the brick wall, a 1932 Picasso, "Nude—Green Leaves and Bust," and a Giacometti 1954 bronze, "Large Head of Diego."

NORMAN PARKINSON



THE CALIFORNIA BEAUTY LIFE — HOW TO LIVE IT ANYWHERE

You can't lead the California beauty life—wherever you live—unless you know how to **handle sun;** know which flavours of **incense** are the best in the house; know where you stand in the **hormone revolution;** know how much **massage** can and can't do for you; what's going on in **pretty dentistry** as well as in **plastic surgery;** whether you're a candidate for **silicone injections;** and which **gym** you should join, if any. You can't get the joie de Southern California into your looks unless you're current on **spas,** have the kind of feet that can go **barefoot,** play a decent game of **tennis,** take to **innovation** without a lot of static, and like a way of living that's **not all work.** And you probably can't manage to keep up on the news in any of these fields unless you're taking a course in **speed-reading** right now, which happens to be the Up-est thing you could take up in California at the moment. . . . But first, because chronologically it's first: you can't lead the California beauty life to the full unless you're willing to get up pretty early in the morning. Though there's a coterie that can't make it to a lunch appointment before 1:30 (and don't count your coteries until the late-rising Mrs. Vincente Minnelli's plans have hatched for the day) the general rule is **eight is late.** By that time, the Governor's wife has been **afoot** for an hour. Mrs. James Stewart has gone about her morning house-routine with **exercise weights** attached to her ankles and wrists. Jennifer Jones Selznick has had her daily pre-breakfast swim in an **ice-cold pool.** Mrs. George Axelrod has got her handsome, hawky self out of bed, and in preparation for her dash to the shop she runs on Little Santa Monica, has taken five minutes of **steam cabinet** plus five minutes of **oxygenation,** a combination she swears exhilarates her for the day, and gadgetry for which are among her **bathroom's fixtures.** By 6:30, California time, Mrs. Harry Winchester Robinson is up, ready to cheer on the work of her eight gardeners as she breakfasts in the back patio of her Beverly Hills house. (This sport is a substitute for the **tennis** she played daily until five years ago when, at what all Los Angeles seems to agree was her eighty-fifth year, she snapped her wrist during a match. "I don't know what happened. I think I hit the ball too hard.")

It's still pretty early in the morning when Mrs. James Barnett streaks down from her Bel Air aerie for a **gym workout** at a place warehoused on Santa Monica Boulevard—the only gym in the United States known to be run by a serious, qualified, **registered physiotherapist.** Though Bruce Conner's gym opens at seven, long-time members can let themselves in earlier with a latchkey and begin their daily work against **de-conditioning. . . .** It's de-conditioning, or simply laying off exercise, that horrifies Conner. "You **lose your skeleton** when you don't exercise; you de-mineralize your structure with inactivity. It's the pull, stress, and strain of muscles that shape the bone." . . . While the **endurance activities** that build stamina are something he's strong for—very—and while he considers brisk walking, jogging, and bicycling ideal (with **bicycling** cited specifically for women in need of **tauter knees**), Conner has nothing but good to say of **exercise with weights.** "Efficient," is the explanation. "Twenty leg pulls with weights equal about one hundred leg pulls without weights. Weighted exercises are simply routine calisthenics with **speed-up accessories.**" . . . To deal with the other kind of weight—body weight that's **overweight**—Conner coun- (Continued on next page)

263,112,015 Pan-Cake and Pan-Stik Make-Ups later, this is the look the Max Factor beauty people are issuing from their Hollywood headquarters and shipping round the world. Something like 141 countries (did you know there *are* 141 countries?) receive and sell Max Factor beauty products today. And while the special Factor function didn't all start with Pan-Cake Make-Up—this came much later, the original modest proposal in 1909 was provision of hair goods and makeup for the theatrical profession—that first little sponge-cake recipe could hardly be said to have hurt matters. Invented to meet the complexion needs of Technicolor pictures in 1937, Pan-Cake Make-Up proceeded to change the complexions of women everywhere: for the first time, they found they needn't be olive-skinned, freckle-dappled, over-rosy, or under-smooth—if they chose not to be. . . . The great complexion-adjusting makeups still sell like hot cakes, but moving with the times, the Max Factor emphasis includes whatever the present generation of Factors considers worth emphasizing. Such as glow. Today, it's glow, glow, glow. As at left—where UltraLucent lipstick shimmers, highlights are "built" with light-refracting UltraLucent Highlight, and even the eyeliner gleams in a lively fashion via Shiny Eye-Liner. Dress by Galanos. Flat necklaces and earrings, by Napier; tubular necklaces by Smith St. Jacques.

HOW TO LIVE THE CALIFORNIA BEAUTY LIFE

(Continued from preceding page) sels his clients this way: "Eat less, eat a variety of food, don't skip meals, don't ever skip breakfast, but do cut down on quantity across the board." Sounds a healthy echo of the advice of Dr. Fredrick Stare of Harvard, whose syndicated column on nutrition could be said to originate in California—it's on the wings of the Los Angeles Times Syndicate his question-answer column is sent across the nation. . . . Despite Dr. Stare and the likes of the dedicated Bruce Conner, don't think the **nature-food** cult doesn't still flourish in California. One internationally known corporation with headquarters south of Los Angeles suggests that employees who "aren't quite making it, one way or another" seek **nutritional psychoanalysis,** a clinic for which exists in Beverly Hills. . . . The faithful continue to flock by the dozensful to Lindberg's famous health food shop in Los Angeles for a refreshing **yoghurt and raspberry sherbet soda**—delicious, whatever your nutritional beliefs—though more traffic by far heads for the merely healthy-food chain called Hamburger Hamlet, where the afternoon soda, **cold borscht,** is served up in old-fashioned ice-cream soda glasses spiked with raw cucumber (a menu appointment to be included when the Hamlets open in London later on this year). . . .

You're probably not courant on California if you haven't had a silicone discussion. Silicone for **bosom augmentation** or for the filling-out of facial lines. Though "tons of silicone—undoubtedly of the commercial quality, not the medical grade—are certainly being pumped into the breasts of thousands of Californians, none of it is legal, none of it is safe, and so far there is no study under way that would prepare the way," a U.C.L.A. plastic surgeon said. Medical-grade silicone for **facial augmentation,** or as an adjunct to plastic surgery is another matter. Under Government-limited conditions, it's being used experimentally by a small group of investigators, and looks very promising. . . . To have got to the heart of the California beauty-health machinery, you'd have to have some personal knowledge of estrogenic **hormone replacement therapy.** To begin with, California is where the hormone revolution actually began. The California clinic of the late Dr. E. Kost Shelton preceded work by New York's effective hormone spokesmen for the movement. . . . Now what California wants to know is: what do exogenous hormones really do; and if they do what many people think and hope they do, then what, precisely, is the proper **pattern of dosage?** To help collect evidence for a U.C.L.A. School of Medicine research project on hormonal behaviour in the body, forty women of the Los Angeles area have gone well beyond the usual hospital-volunteer-work rôle—they've offered themselves as **guinea pigs.** For seventy days straight—including Saturdays and Sundays—they'll check in at the hospital in Westwood to have blood drawn and assayed for hormonal content. "This is a wonderful thing these women have agreed to do—we're very, very proud of them," the distinguished gynecologist in charge of the program said.

You can't learn the California beauty lesson unless you've bothered to **learn about sun.** In the endless summer of Southern California, the lessons *have* been learned. To this effect: some people can sun without con-

WHICH CAME FIRST . . .

the improved American figure or the invention of Jax pants? (The first pair of pants cut in the celebrated Jax super-skinny shape turned up recently: their date—1945.) In any case, there's no question of Jax pants as a Force for litheness, legginess, worked-at muscle tone. And ease. . . . Latest Jax: the pale-blue corduroy pants suit photographed here. . . .

NORMAN PARKINSON

cern: some simply can not. Which sector describes you? "You can tell, it's no great trick," one of U.C.L.A.'s leading dermatologists said. "If you have the kind of skin that **tans easily** and comfortably, you're probably all right. If you **burn and freckle,** however, you're a candidate for trouble." In that case, the doctor continued, "You can go to the beach, but you must wear a sun-screen or a sun-block, and you should use a beach umbrella." Does it lessen the danger of skin damage if you move around in the sun rather than lie about in it? "No. It's strictly a matter of how much of a certain kind of ray you've absorbed. And the absorption does not have to have taken place recently in order to cause a skin cancer. Ten years ago is good enough to do it." How can you tell if the thing on your face is cancerous? "Most general physicians have become pretty good at spotting these things. But you should have an examination if you see a reddish-brown blemish with a sandpapery feel—or notice any new growth that persists. . . . Here in California, of course, we see thousands of them." And there, as elsewhere, promising new methods of **treatment** are being tried. But at U.C.L.A., the rivetting dermatological research project of the moment involves treatment of acne vulgaris. Being tried at U.C.L.A. research now: not only hormones and antibiotics, but also an **inoculation against acne.**

You can't break out your **cigarette case** if you're serious about putting yourself on the California health-and-beauty beam. No you can't. Possibly nowhere else in the U.S. are you more conscious of an enormous population with an enormous un-disposition to cigarettes. If you *are* hung up on cigarettes, expect to be the only smoker at a dinner party for twelve; the only character in search of an ashtray (of which item there is in fact only one) in the spacious lobby of one of Beverly Hills's most hospitable hotels. . . . Asked whether he could account for the notable non-dependence on cigarettes in a lot of Los Angeles, one thoughtful doctor at the University commented: "Maybe it's because California is all



BEAUTY DELIVERED

Torn from a map of the region, one of the L. A. locales where X-d addresses are visited regularly by beauty experts who work on a house-calls-only basis. Hairdressers, exercisers, et cetera, see page 56.

overground, out-of-doors. Maybe it's because of the **competitive tennis** they all play—I don't know. But I have observed a degree of correlation between **non-smoking parents** and their children," he continued. "Parents who smoke cigarettes set up an atmosphere for smoking. They also imply permission for the habit to get started."

People who do smoke and can't arrange the will to stop, can—you won't be bowled over to hear—spend some time with the **hypnosis experts** stashed along Couch Row in Beverly Hills; chaps have some suggestions to make. . . . A completely other approach to the scientific retraining of oral habits—principally habits that affect the posture of the teeth—takes place in a unique clinic in San Mateo, a **swallowing** clinic where faulty swallowers are taught the proper way to get their food down. (Certain ways of swallowing—"tongue-thrusting," for example—are known to move the teeth, ruin the bite, and subsequently cause tooth loss. No joke.)

You have to know and care about your teeth, if you're to shop California for its looks-and-health advances. A lot of improvements are shaping up on the **capped-tooth** front. Better knowledge of how to seal a porcelain jacket against invasion. Better understanding of the process of **matching** (no artificial tooth or jacket will look right in all lights, so patients move from room to room to choose the lighting closest to the one they wish to favour). And: in tooth replacement or tooth capping, there's a whole new understanding of proper **size.** That's right, size. In Nature (when Nature's operating nicely), the anterior or front tooth, measures exactly one-sixteenth the size of the face. Also, an anterior, turned upside down, *exactly* duplicates the shape of the face. So that's the shape-guide for a non-fake-looking artificial tooth or porcelain jacket. (The discoveries to be made at U.C.L.A.'s new School of Dentistry—particularly in **reconstructive dentistry**—are thrilling enough for a separate chapter, which is what they'll be in a later Vogue.)

To duplicate the California good-looks life, you have to have a **wig** (there's an Olde Wig Shoppe in Los Angeles—meaning established prior to 1960). Have to join a **gym** (they're everywhere: in office buildings, ex-used-car-lots, you name it). Have to have an **incense preference** (sandalwood-blend is big—sale of this item in fact keeps one psychedelic shop on its feet financially). Have to value **electronics** (Relax-A-cizor was born in California; so, from the point of view of mass distribution, were electronic facial exercisers). Have to take **tennis lessons** (if you've never lifted a tennis racket except in anger, see John Gardiner's celebrated Tennis Ranch in Carmel Valley; or Pancho Gonzales's new Tennis Ranch at Malibu). Have to know your **spas** (The great Golden Door is still great, great, great; and the new La Costa is reported next page). Have to partake of some form of **house-to-house beauty service**—see page 56. Have to accept health as the bone of California beauty. . . .

LOOKS RE-LIT AT SUPERSPA

Not that Mrs. William Rayner's looks had fallen into some kind of oscura. They hadn't. But when, recently, she took it into her head to visit La Costa, California's superspa on the sea near San Diego, it was partly to see what that spa knew that she didn't know (just what *is* the idea of a Japanese spine-walk, for instance), and partly to see what La Costa itself was all about. To answer the last question first, it's a hotel, it's a club, it's a health farm, it's a weekend or week-long place to holiday in, it's a community to live in, It's Superspa! Super comfortable (the men's furnishings are big, gusty, overscale, *masculine*). Super luxurious (the women's beauty facilities are feminine to the hilt). Super generous (everyone—men, women, and children—welcome and provided for). There is nothing more American than the scale of La Costa, nothing more contemporary than its attitude toward health, nothing more practical if all you want is everything—riding, golf, swimming, tennis, individually-planned body program, facials, sauna, rest, splendid food, super care.

LA COSTA: PROGRAMMED

Mrs. William Rayner, at right, in a leotard from Atelier, sampling Japanese massage that walks tension out of spines. Far right, in a Ken Scott maillot, Mrs. Rayner takes the churned up waters of a whirly bath; sky-blue, open to the sky. Above, Mrs. Rayner, superspa-ed.

ALEXIS WALDECK

BEAUTY
bulletin

VOGUE'S OWN BOUTIQUE

OF SUGGESTIONS, FINDS, AND OBSERVATIONS

Chér wanted to go to San Francisco so bad . . .

all those memories of the last trip . . . after all it's where Sonny got her "security" bag—the lovely old beat-up mocha suède pouch (right) that swings along next to Chér's leg every minute, wherever she goes—even when she goes to meet Princess Margaret, Jacqueline Kennedy, even the Pope. . . . Sonny found it three years ago in "Chappelle," a little leather boutique just over the Golden Gate Bridge in Sausalito. So of course Sonny said "Okay" when Chér said "Please." . . . And here the Bonos are, swooping up a typical San Francisco hill (below). Naturally Chér already found the bestest *new* San Francisco boutique, and clicked into their dazzle-y white crocheted pants turnout. . . .



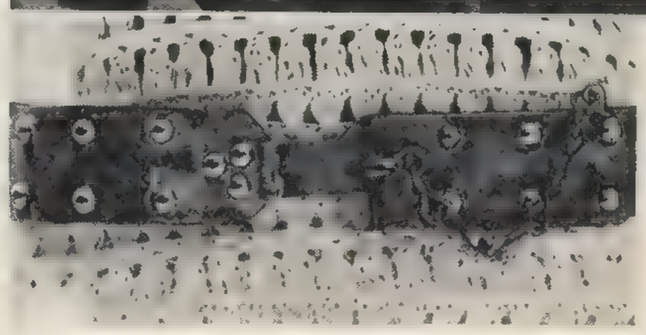


In fact pretty nearly everything is great and groovy at the "Orbit" boutique, 1444 Polk Street. . . . Chér could tell, even before she put on Sonny's sunny yellow goggles (below). Like *the* belt (right and below right)—a silvery, studded swipe of sheet metal, welded to ring the hips and clank shut—real 1967 Camelot stuff. . . . Both Sonny and Chér have to have that for $15 a throw. Then, $100 for "Orbit's" hand-crocheted pants suit for Chér to wear with it. ***Quick! over to Sausa-***









lito to "Anastasia's" basement boutique. Chér remembered it had cute little cheapies, and it does—like the calico child-smock Chér slips on, above ($12—"you can't hardly beat that"), and the hole-punched hat, $7. . . . ***Then whippy! back over the gorgeous bridge*** to Ghirardelli Square and "Paraphernalia's" outpost there (left)—really a groovy place, plus the place to find a crinkly lemon-y chiffon that's all feminine—all Chér. . . .



let's go right home with them to their real Los-Angeles-type digs, high in the Encino hills—where the world isn't always watching, and Sonny can pretend he's Avedon, posing Chér like Alice in Wonderland at the top of the swimming pool chute (right) in a groovy Jax dress, all shirred on top. $40, any Jax store. . . .



But we can't leave Sonny and Chér, so . . .



DE ROSNAY

More next page

VOGUE'S OWN BOUTIQUE *Continued*



"Keep your eyes down, Chér" **. . .** it's Sonny Bono having a grand time pretending to be as great with the camera as he is with the beat. And Chér is perfectly obliging, posing as the best-of-all boutique bunny. And why not? Because Chér has a true instinct for the grooviest of boutique fashion. And she *loves* the dress she's got on (below left and centre) because it's a ravishing bit of the new boutique femininity—crème tulle and "what kind of lace is this . . . it's so delicate," showering over a silk crêpe slip beneath. $48 from Belinda, 8220 Sunset Strip. . . . ***This one's supposed to be a nightdress*** (right)—but Chér could wear it anywhere and look the best—all white crunchy cotton lace, side-slit, ribbon tied at a heightened waist. $18 at Harriet Herman boutique, 8667 Sunset Blvd. . . .



DE ROSNAY





It's awfully nice to drop in and visit with the Bonos—***everything's so even, uncomplicated, obviously happy there.*** It's a place Mr. ATCO records, Ahmet Ertegun (right, centre), wouldn't miss when he is on the West Coast. . . . This time he's found Sonny and Chér in one of their favourite dress-alikes—great cotton print shirts, stitched-tucked and decorated with narrow streamers of satin ribbon. They're taken from original Oklahoma Indian ones . . . come from one of Chér's favourite Los Angeles boutiques, "Sidereal Time," 8582 Santa Monica Blvd. $20. Life with Sonny and Chér is, as Chér would say, "Groovy." . .



California Go

(Continued from page 150)

Douglas Aircraft; but since Douglas was competing for government contracts, there might be a conflict of interests in its continuing to operate a research agency working on national defense projects. With the war ended, scientists began to filter back to the universities, leaving the military services facing a loss of talent. In 1948, the RAND project was reorganized as an independent non-profit corporation, whose fees for work done for its largest client, the Army Air Forces, are paid by the Federal government. Today, its trustees include Newton N. Minow; Don K. Price, junior, the Dean of the Graduate School of Public Administration at Harvard; Kenneth S. Pitzer, the President of Rice University; and Lauris Norstad, now President of Owens-Corning Fiberglas Corporation. Its Chairman of the Board is Frank Stanton, President of Columbia Broadcasting System, Inc.

Under Henry S. Rowen, RAND's forty-one-year-old president, once an Assistant Director of the Bureau of the Budget, the company employs five hundred and fifty professional people—physicists, mathematicians, computer scientists, political scientists, and a dozen other specialized breeds—who work on problems of national security and public welfare. In these institutional halls, where no visitor ever walks unaccompanied, the specialists labour at geophysics, astronomy, the computer sciences, air defenses, space vehicles, politics, and the logistics of support of military forces. While they produce dozens of books with such titles as *Psychosis and Civilization* and *Democracy and Economic Change in India*, they are also responsible for dynamic concepts in intercontinental ballistic missile development and even helped to streamline some Pentagon budgeting concepts.

In the peaceful vales of Santa Barbara a think group known as the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions has brought together such celebrated brain power as Robert Hutchins, Bishop Pike, Stringfellow Barr, Linus Pauling, Harry Ashmore, and Walter Millis. There in a converted mansion, perfumed by the eucalyptus trees on its forty-nine-acre estate, twenty-five senior staff members carry on independent research and discussion on such matters as the search for world order and the relationship of labour unions and corporations. Originally a money-dispensing agency known as The Fund for the Republic, the Center moved to California seven years ago and established a staff headquarters. Its proximity to other think and research centres—Stanford University and RAND, and the Santa Barbara campus of the University of California—enables the Center to create a mixing of talents that is essential to its effectiveness. Harold Willens, a member of its board, said: "Only through the creation of dialogue and the cross-fertilization of minds have you a chance to reveal a complex and obscure topic that might otherwise remain hidden."

Although much of the Center's backing came from California sources and it was able to cut its operational costs by moving to Santa Barbara, the growing importance of educational centres from the University of California's campus at Berkeley to its one at San Diego, attracting, as they are, intellectual leaders from all over the world, was an influencing factor in displacing its operations from the East Coast.

No fewer than twelve Nobel Prize winners are working at the University of California, more than there are in the Soviet Union. Thirteen of the fifteen man-made elements were discovered at Berkeley, among them plutonium, berkelium, and californium. The room in which plutonium was discovered has been set aside as a National Landmark by the Department of Interior.

Weather was something of a factor in luring talent to the West, and so was aggressive recruiting, but even more appealing to scholars and educators was a new, liberal, malleable educational atmosphere, less restricted by tradition than the ivy-hung halls in the East. Ever since the twenties the University of California has had a reputation for faculty self-government, a government which set educational objectives and ruled over the selection of additional faculty. The university created a milieu in which faculty members were inspired to excel and do scholarly work.

Edward Carter, president of Broadway-Hale Stores, Inc., one of California's great chains of department stores and a long-time regent of the University of California, thinks Harvard and the University of California to be the best institutes of learning in the nation. Among liberal-arts colleges he ranks Occidental and Pomona, both in California, with Amherst, Williams, Swarthmore, and Oberlin—all east of the Mississippi.

In 1960 California drew up a state-wide master plan for higher education which now encompasses its seventy-six junior colleges, two-year institutions under the control of local school boards; its eighteen four-year state colleges; and the University of California with its nine campuses. The plan included its forty-nine private colleges and universities such as the Universities of Southern California and Santa Clara.

The University of California would accept the upper twelve and one-half per cent of the graduating senior classes from high schools in California, the four-year colleges would take the upper one-third, while the rest of the students would stay home and attend junior colleges for two years and try to qualify later. Drop-outs were more than replaced by transfers from junior colleges. This year there are more juniors than freshmen at University of Southern California and more professional and graduate students than undergraduates.

Norman H. Topping, president of the University of Southern California, said: "A bachelor's degree today is like a high school diploma twenty-five years

(Continued on page 170)



California Go

(Continued from page 169)

ago." More than half of the degrees awarded at the University of Southern California last June were higher than bachelor's degrees.

"California must be innovative," said Topping. "Its early economy was based on agriculture and spurred by oil, but it developed its aerospace and electronics industries because it could not compete with the rest of the country in heavy industry. The state believes it must give the finest education to every kid in California whether he can afford it or not.

"We have a big strong electrical engineering department here because we're sitting in the middle of the action. California needs kids with a beautiful education, and that's why there is such concern over the quality of our institutions."

"It costs nearly six hundred and fifty million dollars a year to run the University of California," added Edward Carter, "and not many places are affluent enough to support that kind of budget. The money voted by the legislature reflected the interest of the voters. It took Harvard a couple of hundred years to attain its position; it took the University of California one hundred years."

The pool of highly trained talents pouring out of California's colleges and the inevitable association between research centres and industry attract all sorts of enterprise to California. The same sort of flexibility and air of challenge are inviting, too. Litton Industries, Inc., which grew from a minuscule electronics company to an enormous industrial complex that now grosses one and one-fourth billion a year, built a small base in Los Angeles in 1953, finally moved its whole corporate headquarters to Beverly Hills. Of its eighty-five thousand employees, 13,570 work in California. Litton's list of nine thousand products includes cash registers made in Sweden and submarines built in Mississippi. Charles (Tex) Thornton, Litton's dynamic fifty-four-year-old leader, said: "No better schools exist in the world than out here." Leader of the original Whiz Kids, who went from the wartime Pentagon to Ford Motor Co., Thornton saw in California the same inviting opportunity which also attracted the scholars.

"California is newly developed," Thornton said, "it hasn't been institutionalized. We are more attuned to motion, to ideas, to progress. The new era we're in demands more science. more technology. The opportunities and challenges are so great you don't have time to mull over a procedural method of operation."

This free-wheeling spirit also enlivened banking, said the architect William L. Pereira who has done some of California's most celebrated buildings. "The banks lent money," Pereira said, "to people who could *do* things. Loans were based on integrity and the qualifications of an individual, not on his history in Keokuk."

Developing a science of appraising a man on his potential gave an enormous push to home building, and mortgage money flowed with the demand. Pereira added: "Young people, forceful people, challenging people arrived here bringing ideas from the small towns of the Midwest and the sophisticated business centres of the East. The men who came into local government arrived with experience gained elsewhere. They had seen mistakes made where they had lived before, and they didn't want them repeated here. They were more experimental, more sensitive to the vote holder.

"There is no time here for politicians to take the usual steps to get to know the right people. There is a go-go attitude. In California little barrier is thrown up in front of a person who has been here for a short time. We have been doing something in ten to twenty years that would take from one hundred to three hundred years anywhere else."

California, which was once on the wrong end of the nation now seems to be at the crossroads of the world's air lanes. Planes fly nonstop from Los Angeles to Paris and Tahiti. New York is four and a half hours away and will soon be less. Dean Rusk has been quoted as saying that if the jets had been ready when the United Nations was looking for a home, its headquarters would have been in San Francisco, a European-style city which would not have swallowed them.

The jets have caused such big transcontinental airlines as American Airlines, Inc., which has a huge overhaul base at Tulsa, and Trans World Airlines, which has one at Kansas City, to entertain ideas of moving to California. Big, ebullient Robert F. Six, president of Continental Airlines, moved his company from Denver to California and gave it new life. In his painting-filled command post on the fringe of Los Angeles International Airport, Six directs an operation that not only serves domestic routes eastward to Chicago and New Orleans, but a giant military charter service that is sending four to five jets a day westward to Asia. Continental now has interests in Micronesia and in hotels in Hawaii. Six hopes for new routes that will spread Continental from its California headquarters to Tahiti, Pago Pago, Auckland, Sydney, Djakarta and clear up as far as Chiang Mai.

While partisans of California's south think Los Angeles is vying with New York as a transportation and a financial centre, such deep-rooted California merchants as Edward Carter of Los Angeles and Cyril Magnin of San Francisco see California merging into one homogeneous community with two great metropolises.

"Those really dedicated Californians," said Magnin, whose Joseph Magnin Company operates twenty-nine stores, "want to see Los Angeles grow as a cultural and sports centre. We share the Los Angeles Civic Light Opera Company with them, the San Francisco Opera Company travels to Los Angeles. As they develop more galleries and more art, we'll have an opportunity to exchange with them. The Dodgers and the Giants are both financial successes out here, but the Dodgers wouldn't have come alone if there hadn't been another team in the north."

Although some Californians, inflamed with go-go, see San Francisco as a circumscribed, moribund community, unable to expand beyond the limits of its peninsula, Magnin thinks it will become one great metropolitan centre rather like New York.

As a gateway to the Pacific at a time when the Pacific era is just dawning, San Francisco is no ghostly Pompeii. Loew's Hotels, a lively company run by New York's young Tisch brothers (Manhattan's Regency, Americana, and Summit), reached out this year to pluck San Francisco's venerable Mark Hopkins into which it is pouring two million dollars in improvements. Even more dramatically, an investment group which includes David Rockefeller is moving into downtown San Francisco with a hundred-and-fifty million-dollar complex that will embrace a sixty-storey office building, an eight-hundred-room hotel, three theatres, promenades, and shopping areas.

Charles de Bretteville, President of the Bank of California and a member of an old-line San Francisco family, feels a new excitement in San Francisco, a thorough-going rejuvenation. "The Bay Area," he pointed out, "is heavy in electronics. Our most exciting factor is know-how, and our greatest industrial strength is Stanford's brains."

The universities, the technical and research centres surrounding San Francisco and the air of intellectuality they created have stirred a new ferment in the city. "San Francisco used to be a place where ideas went to retire," said Howard Gossage, an innovative advertising man. He added: "We lived in a dolce far niente bliss, and we frequently had trouble remembering what month it was and especially what season it was."

All that is changing. The turbulence at the Berkeley campus and the era of social change pre-

(Continued on page 174)

Can great skin be created?

(Continued from page 113)

skin. We go "scurfing," you might say, taking away the scaly scurf that everybody has and nobody needs. Scurf is one layer that prevents see-through skin, makes it lifeless, opaque. ***How do you remove scurf and can it be done at home?*** We teach people how to, and urge them to do it at home. The medium is a mild astringent, a mild peeler such as salicylic acid. Treatment gets combined with a moisturizing lotion, a lubricator; the stronger the peeler, the more the lubrication. ***How permanent is this freshening?*** How deep the exfoliation goes determines how long it lasts. The deeper we go the greater the benefits and the greater the possible complications. Rush means risk. . . . Any exfoliation above the "freckle line" provides temporary improvement and reduction of fine lines. For a more lasting skin move, permanent removal of freckles for instance, the exfoliant dives under the "freckle line," the border between the upper layer of skin—the epidermis—and the inner layer—the dermis. ***Can a cosmetologist or a lay skin specialist perform this peeling?*** Superficial freshening, yes. Just as in electrolysis, it all depends on the competence and skill of the operator. We do it every day here in the office and consider it a nursing procedure. It's routine treatment for acne and any skin that wants freshening, which is just about any skin. But the cosmetics committee of the A.M.A. does not endorse the use of superficial chemosurgery by non-medical personnel. Complications such as scarring and abnormal pigmentation may occur. Only a doctor who knows the skin architecture has the sophistication to cope with the possible dangers.

Suppose she has one of the hundreds of other nuisances a face can make a happy home for—dilated blood vessels, for instance, or "oil heiress" skin, or acne scars, or recurrent blemishes? You can't categorize treatment. Most people can use a little bit of everything at one time or another in their life. But timing is important. . . . Here's a random sampling of dermatological implements. A little desiccating needle for electrocoagulation is probably the most versatile, controllable instrument in the dermatologist's kit. It can intensively exfoliate, dry up a pimple, remove freckles, moles, whiteheads, "liver" or age spots, broken veins. From a pinhead spot to a whole side of the face, it can remodel. The electric spark it creates can be so gentle that the patient doesn't even know that anything's happening. . . . Your "oil heiress" skins and recurrent blemishes might get an antibiotic plus a laboratory evaluation of their hormonal situation to see if a hormone deficiency is inviting correction. . . . For acne and other-type scars, for "prune" lines and symptoms of aging, we might go into dermabrasion. It does not remove the scars, but it tends to reduce their size and depth. . . . Small benign lesions or chronic inflammations might call for chemosurgery. . . . ***How does chemosurgery differ from dermabrasion?*** Chemosurgery destroys tissue by caustic chemical agents. We use it only for very special projects. Chemosurgery is a burn, a chemical damage, and you can't see what you're doing. The only reason it's being done generally more than dermabrasion is because it seems to require no skill. Anybody can do it. You could do it to yourself, if you were so foolish. . . . ***When and how does silicone help?*** For certain scars and lines, authorized silicone investigators are now injecting fluid silicone, a matter still in experiment and under governmental study. Silicone can do nothing for the small icepick-type but it can do much for broad, shallow, wavy, or ridged scars. Silicone elevates deep lines, vertical frown lines, and nosolabial folds. Horizontal forehead lines may or may not be improved, depending on thickness and tightness of subcutaneous material. Crinkles around eyes generally do not elevate well. Thing about silicone properly used is that it imparts a contour and physical consistency to the injection site indistinguishable from normal tissue. . . . For wrinkles, sagging, bags. pouches that can't be banished by silicone, the suggestion might then be plastic surgery, and the results of this can be pleasant for ten to fifteen years.

Can encouraging good skin be a matter sometimes of discouraging destruction? For instance, sun? Sun worshipping is the single most destructive skin force in this country. I have nothing against a healthy tan, providing it is "healthy" and not a burn. But I do deplore people playing sun-dial. Those from the angle of whose nose you can tell what time it is are headed for trouble, premature skin aging, skin cancer. ***What about sun and blemishes?*** A little sun and fresh-air exercise seems to dry up certain acne and mild rashes. ***Air conditioning?*** No evidence against it except superficial, temporary drying . . . and this could be good for the oily-skinned and prickly heat. ***Drinking?*** Only drinking that verges on alcoholism bothers the skin, may produce unsightly redness. ***Smoking?*** Though smoking as if there's no tomorrow might mean there is no tomorrow for you, smoking does not seem to disturb the skin. Unless you count yellowed fingers. . . .

Is there something to be said for stimulating the skin, working up its circulation? I have no argument for increasing the rate of circulation of the skin, nor do I really have one against it. The skin is a relatively avascular organ, somewhat bloodless as compared to mouth or tongue, and a temporary glow is what zipped-up circulation creates for the normal skin. . . . Hot boric-acid compresses are standard treatment for acne. Increasing the blood supply to the affected area means that more antibiotic will get there, more of the toxin will be removed, there's more cell turnover so that healing will be faster, metabolism will be increased. . . . But increased circulation doesn't reduce the amount of wrinkles. It might even aggravate them. Increased metabolism of any tissue quickens aging. Take an animal who wants to hibernate and keep him in a warm room instead; he dies much sooner. . . .

It's always interesting to know how the doctor's family is doing in the area of his specialty. My family had pretty good skin to begin with, but I think it's better with father's office right down the street. They don't pay too much attention to me in every detail, of course. Certainly not in makeup or in obeying my dicta about not wearing hair rollers to bed; you know that kind of traction pulls out hair. . . . It took a year to get my wife on the table here, and I must have done a dozen small things, a blood vessel here, a something else there, things that were annoying her and annoying me. . . . But yes, their skin is better. They use my prescription for night lotion, a resorcin sulphur emulsion for blemishes, and astringent for dirty pores and oiliness so their acne is minimal through adolescence. Prophylactic or early medication is important, and they're sophisticated enough to ask for antibiotic pills or injections when they're breaking out. I'm a great believer in antibiotic therapy when it's safe and doesn't produce side effects. I make sure that my patients, as well as my family, have a supply on hand to take the next time they sense blemishes en route. . . .

We pondered the diplomas, society memberships, and other documents that paper doctors' walls. This dermatologist must have crossed the forty mark quite a few moments ago. . . . Why did he look so twenty-fivish? Good grief, could it be his skin?



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TO ENROLL: read the Prix de Paris rules on the opposite page. Then fill out the blank below (or a copy of it) and mail it by October 20, 1967, at the very latest, to the Prix de Paris Director.

TO COMPETE: complete the quiz on the opposite page and send your paper to the Prix de Paris Director by October 20, 1967, at the very latest. If you qualify after this quiz, you will be notified that you are eligible for the final thesis.

Mail to the Prix de Paris Director, Vogue, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York, New York 10017

Name _____ College _____ What Degree _____

Address at College _____ Date of Graduation _____
street city state zip code month year

Home Address _____
street city state zip code

Prix de Paris Quiz

Answer ALL questions in this section.

1. Write a profile of yourself. *(500 words or less)*

2. Write a beauty biography of yourself or someone you know well. Include full details about looks, diet, exercise (and this may mean tennis or swimming rather than more formal exercise routines), makeup, hair, fragrance, et cetera. If you think it relevant, name specific products used. *(400 words or less)*

3. Describe three things in your present wardrobe that you love to own, love to wear. Then choose three fashions shown in August 1 Vogue that you would urge next year's seniors to own and wear; state briefly the reasons for your choices. *(200 words or less)*

Answer THREE questions in this section.

4. Suggest three names you think would be right for the full-page photograph and caption for Vogue's "People Are Talking About..." feature. Explain who each person is, why he or she is of current interest. *(300 words or less)*

5. Has the Twiggy-Mia Farrow look turned up on your campus? What was the reaction—the general reaction, as well as your own. *(100 words or less)*

6. Write a travel column for "Vogue's Notebook" about your home town, or your college town, or a place you've seen and loved. *(200 words or less)*

7. You are a copywriter assigned to prepare a fashion advertisement for a store to run in its local newspaper. Select any fashion from the editorial pages of August 1 Vogue as the one to be advertised, and designate the page on which it appears. Write a headline for the advertisement and appropriate copy.

Prix de Paris Rules

1. Each entrant must be graduated during the scholastic year 1967-1968, but prior to September 1968, and must receive the Bachelor of Arts degree or its equivalent from a college or university within the United States.

2. Each entrant must send in the entrance blank on the facing page, or reasonable facsimile thereof, by October 20, 1967.

3. No entrant may be in any way connected with The Condé Nast Publications Inc., nor related to any of its employees.

4. There will be a first- and second-place winner. The first-place winner will receive a year's job with Vogue as a Junior Editor and will accompany the Vogue Editors to Paris to cover one of the Paris Collections during this year. The second-place winner will receive a six-months' job with Vogue as a Junior Editor. There will be ten Honourable Mention winners, each of whom will receive a $50 United States Savings Bond and top consideration for jobs on any Condé Nast magazine.

5. The 27th Prix de Paris consists of a quiz to be answered by all contestants, and a thesis which those who pass the quiz will be eligible to submit. Each entrant who is eligible to submit a thesis will be notified by Vogue by December 18, 1967.

6. Quiz and thesis will require answers to questions on fashion and beauty, and on non-fashion subjects (books, movies, art, theatre, music, personalities, et cetera).

7. The quiz appears here. Answers are due on October 20, 1967. Subjects for the thesis will be published in the January 1, 1968 issue of Vogue. The thesis will be due on February 5, 1968. Although questions in the quiz and thesis are editorial in nature and are based in part on material appearing in Vogue, it is not necessary to subscribe to the magazine to enter the competition.

8. Papers will be graded on writing ability, grasp of subject, general intelligence, originality, and demonstration of special talents.

9. All material submitted must be typewritten double-spaced on one side of the page, on paper not larger than 8½ by 11 inches. Your name, plus the quiz and question numbers, must appear at the top of each page. Please number each page. All material submitted becomes the property of The Condé Nast Publications Inc. and will not be returned.

10. The judges of the competition will be a board of Vogue Editors, and their decision will be final. Any dispute that may arise as a result of the determination of the contest shall be adjudicated solely under the laws of the State of New York. Judges reserve the right to hold personal interviews with the finalists before selecting winners. Winners of Vogue's 27th Prix de Paris will be notified by April 15, 1968.

The winning West: plumed chiffon



Flying in from California: two feathered dresses for evenings anywhere. . . . Short on one side, long on the other: a cage of shock-pink silk chiffon with an uneven hemline drenched in flame and shock-pink ostrich feathers—all fluttered over a flame-coloured chiffon under-sheath. By Neal-McClintock. About $185. At Bramson; Joseph Magnin. Charles Elkaim earrings. Van Rouge ring. Charles Jourdan glittered pumps.



TAD WAKAMATSU

Flourishes of red ostrich feathers on the wide sleeves of a short red silk chiffon evening dress. By Sidney North. About $90. At Sandra Post, Florida; Haggarty's. Van Rouge ring. Les Bernard necklace. Hudson tights. Coiffures this page by Imo of Imo & Rosalba.

California Go

(Continued from page 170)

saged by San Francisco's hippies are only outward, if bizarre, manifestations of it. Herb Caen, columnist for the *San Francisco Chronicle* said: "This city has a climate for it. The winds of freedom still blow here. San Francisco has always been a sanctuary for the disenfranchised. It goes clear back to the gold rush days. It has maintained an air of permissiveness."

When the hippie bands play at Fillmore Auditorium as they do each weekend, the great unshod society flee their bay-window lairs in Haight-Ashbury to hear the beat. And so do many of the washed and conventionally dressed young from more cultivated areas. "I've got an eighteen-year-old kid," said Ed Dooley, editor of the *San Francisco Examiner*, "who would rather go to Fillmore Auditorium than take a trip to New York or Washington."

The same benign California weather that lured the academicians out of the East, attracted the movie makers and the plane makers, enchanted the passing servicemen, and even the Depression emigrés, is also the weather that smiles on the hippies and the protesters.

Only students with a straight B average in college preparatory subjects ever make the University of California campus at Berkeley, and out-of-state students need a B-plus average. Said one Berkeley educator: "These are very bright students, competent, assured, interested, vital, and highly motivated kids. They are vigorous debaters and vigorous demonstrators, and the weather is good for it. It is a highly participating generation and you see the top of that generation at its most participating, right in Sproul Plaza where the demonstrations took place."

If there is less alarm than admiration for California's youth in the north, the attitude is hardly different in the south. At the University of Southern California Norman H. Topping said: "This generation may act funny at times, but they will be well and deeply educated in social problems. These kids are going to be the best damn kids this country ever produced."

For the coming of age of this generation and for the migrants from sophisticated urban centres, the *Los Angeles Times* has revamped its newspaper and its thinking. "The products of our vast educational system will require a thinking newspaper. They are our future audience," said its publisher Otis Chandler. "We hope we are anticipating the needs and desires of California." Lately the *Times* has doubled its editorial budget, brought in such bright journalists as the Asian expert Bob Elegant from *Newsweek*, Martin Bernheimer from the music department of *Saturday Review*, and James Bellows from the late New York *Herald Tribune*. From one foreign bureau in Paris, the *Los Angeles Times* has increased to fifteen bureaus all over the world. Instead of only three men on its Washington staff, the *Times* now has fourteen. It has six other national bureaus where it formerly had none.

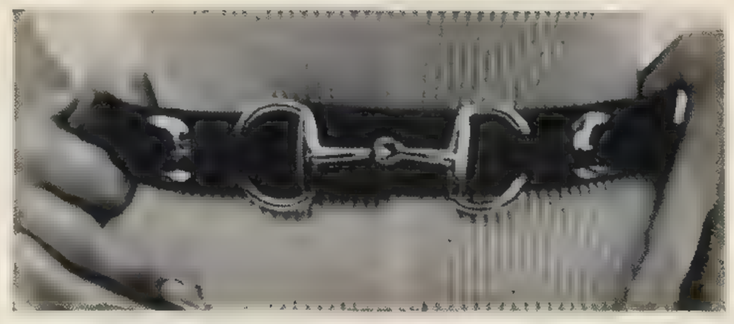
Of California, CBS Vice-President Perry Lafferty, imported from New York, said: "In six years this place has turned from an arid cultural wasteland to a place that is really quite exciting. The actors and writers who came in TV's great migration westward in the late 1950's have added a creative thrust. They needed the community plus *them* to happen. The people who worked in movies were set in their ways, but TV breathes with younger breath."

Actors and brilliant new theatres, researchers and technicians, scholars and great universities, bright young graduates and big new industry, ferment and ideas—all this is the new California. Litton's Thornton said: "We're building a state and building a nation. If you're that way a little bit before you come here, you're more so after you've been here a while. In this place you're either retired, or boy! you're swingin'!"

Vogue's SHOP



The golden sling—the gleam of a silver shoe cross-strapped in gold, to dance you into autumn. Has a higher squared heel and also comes in white satin with gold straps. Sizes 5-9, AA, A, and B. $40. From Fiorentina Shoes, 789 Madison Ave., N. Y. 10021.

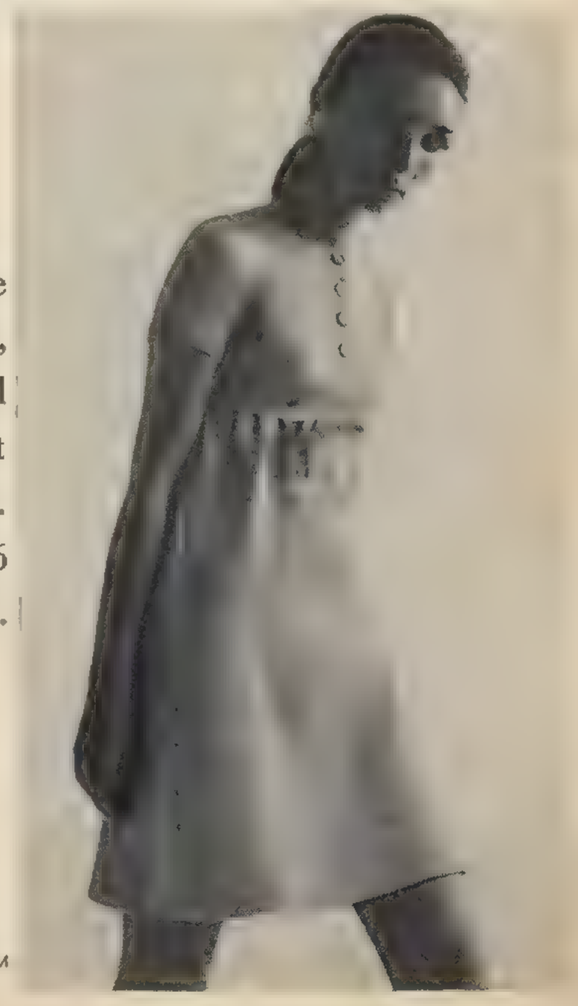








A glint of brass for the belted waist—Clockwise starting left, above: Metal links for big bogus tortoiseshell circles; $9. The brass bit for navy leather (also in white); $12. Grommeted brass holes all around beige suède (Kelly green or black); $8. Double brass loop closing for soft white leather (brown, yellow, pale green, or black); $8. All at Honey Bee, 7 E. 53rd St., N. Y. 10022.



Bright bubbly knit—the smallest yellow cotton string knit, with multicoloured buttons; tied snugly under the bust. Ribbing at the hem, at the sleeves, and collar. Sizes 5-11. $35. From Bedlam, 816 Madison Avenue, New York 10021.

HOGENBOOM

HOUND



Ready, steady, jump in a bright yellow mini-jumpsuit of very lightweight wool. Also comes in navy. $85. Matching coats (not shown) in green with navy back pleat; in yellow with orange back pleat. $160. Sizes 6-12. From Eleganza, 61 Main Street, Millburn, N. J. 07041.



The 6 o'clock grey flannel: perfect little tailor's shirtdress . . . belted and buttoned in brilliants. Two large patch pockets low on the hip and kick pleats in front and back. $225. Matthews, 9669 Wilshire Boulevard, Beverly Hills, Cal. 90212.

Seafood special—fresh Long Island Bay scallops, flown to you anywhere in the United States by Wynne & Trainer. From $2.75 a pound depending on the time of the year. Shad roe and Beluga caviar also available. Sent Air Express; will C.O.D. Wynne & Trainer at 63rd Street and Madison Avenue, New York 10021.



Housing project for spectacles: a needle-point case to needle yourself. Complete with needles and wool in any colour combination. Scalloped pattern on one or both sides (the one shown here is backed in suède). $17.50. Finishing price for either case, $17.50. Woolworks, 738 Madison Avenue, New York 10021.

Twists of deep red coral to wear at the wrist of the simplest black sweater with the skinniest long sleeves. The clasp of 18-k. gold is set with coral on blue enamel and spokes of tiny diamonds. $750. From Boris Jewelers, 721 Madison Avenue, New York 10021.



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Secrets

(Continued from page 127)

what one is supposed to be. We are all well aware of the extent of the difference between our onstage performances, given in response to public expectations, and our offstage behaviour, when we are following our own inclinations; and we know that almost everyone else is living, just as we are, on these two levels. But we are, paradoxically, extremely jealous of our right to conceal these discrepancies. Men are especially resentful when their onstage performances are criticized as being incompatible with their offstage behaviour, and they will indignantly denounce such criticism, either as outrageous in itself or as a wholly unjustifiable intrusion on their basic rights, as individuals, to privacy.

That this feeling, particularly for the dark secrets surrounding sexual behaviour, is less strongly developed in women than in men possibly finds its explanation in the more realistic approach to these matters generated by the exclusively feminine and largely unconcealable set of experiences connected with child bearing. Women are often surprised by the demands made upon them, in the name of loyalty, by men with dark secrets to keep. In one of the commonest situations in middle class life a woman will be expected to support, either passively or as an accomplice, the onstage performance of a man who wishes to convince the world that he is one hundred per cent male, in the conventional sense, even though she knows perfectly well from his pillow confessions and the indirect disclosures of his love play that the feminine side of his nature—which may well be the pleasantest thing about him, is barely under his control.

The odd thing about this kind of situation, and about this kind of secret, is that the woman will not have public opinion on her side if she disrupts the performance by disclosing what she knows of its background. Most men, and the rather large number of women who adopt male-oriented attitudes in their public performances, will take the position that the woman has failed the man rather badly by exposing his offstage, or private, personality to public view. The people who will be most vociferous in taking the man's part in these circumstances will also, strangely enough, be the first to agree that honesty and frankness are virtues and that one should tell the truth whenever possible. They will square these two contradictory attitudes by saying, "But there are limits—after all, we are none of us perfect."

There is, in fact, a large measure of tolerance for the possessors of dark secrets of a behavioural nature, based on a widespread recognition of the virtual impossibility of meeting the excessively high standards that human beings have set themselves in matters of conduct.

This open conspiracy for the suppression of dark secrets has a useful social function. By allowing each member of society to pretend to be a good deal better than he is, we create the impression that we live in law-abiding, orderly communities of decent men and women in which good behaviour is the general rule rather than the exception. It is in our interest to believe this, because while we do so we can also believe that virtue is attainable and that the effort to behave well is worthwhile. We are then less likely to abandon the attempt and to let things slide than we would be if we were constantly faced with the whole truth about the hidden weaknesses and the secret wickedness of our neighbours.

This is all very well so far as it goes, but there is always the risk of a violent backlash when we find that the system of tolerance has been abused, and we learn that large numbers of our fellow citizens are living offstage lives spectacularly at variance with the exemplary performances that they have been sustaining in public. It is particularly bad for the community if its younger members are compelled to recognize that their elders are consistent only in their hypocrisy and bad for everybody to feel that even the pillars of society are secretly as cruel, as dishonest, and as ruthless in their self-seeking as the worst of us.

The Nifty Americans

Following is a list of stores across the country where the Adolphe Zelinka suits designed by Sony Schotland on pages 124-125 may be found.

New York, N. Y.	Bergdorf Goodman
Atlanta, Ga.	Davison's
Baltimore, Md.	Hutzler's
Bartlesville, Okla.	Montaldo's
Boston, Mass.	Filene's
Chicago, Ill.	John T. Shayne
Cleveland, Ohio	Halle Bros.
Colorado	Montaldo's
Columbus, Ohio	Montaldo's
Dayton, Ohio	Billy Lewis
Detroit, Mich.	J. L. Hudson
Hartford, Conn.	G. Fox
Kansas City, Mo.	Harzfeld's
Lewiston, Maine	Ward's
Los Angeles, Calif.	Bullock's
Minneapolis, Minn.	Jackson-Graves
North Carolina	Montaldo's
Pittsburgh, Pa.	Kaufmann's
Richmond, Va.	Montaldo's
Seattle, Wash.	Frederick & Nelson
St. Louis, Mo.	Montaldo's
Trenton, N. J.	Stacy
Washington, D. C.	Julius Garfinckel

Following is a list of stores across the country where the Laurence Gross dress on page 126 may be found.

New York, N. Y.	Bonwit Teller
Appleton, Wis.	H. C. Prange
Austin, Tex.	Ivey Wade
Baltimore, Md.	Octavia
Buffalo, N. Y.	L. L. Berger
Cincinnati, Ohio	Mabley & Carew
Columbus, Ohio	Cole's
Dallas, Tex.	Lou Lattimore
Dayton, Ohio	Billy Lewis
Denver, Col.	Kelly's of Cherry Creek
Green Bay, Wis.	H. C. Prange
Jackson, Mich.	Jacobson's
Kansas City, Mo.	Harzfeld's
Los Angeles, Calif.	Bullock's-Wilshire
Lincoln, Neb.	Hovland-Swanson
Miami, Fla.	Jordan Marsh
New Orleans, La.	Godchaux's
Oklahoma City, Okla.	Razooks
Orinda, Calif.	Jack Hughes
Phoenix, Ariz.	Goldwater's
Portland, Ore.	Best's Apparel
Richmond, Va.	Mortimers
San Antonio, Tex.	Frost Bros.
San Francisco, Calif.	Maison Mendessolle
St. Louis, Mo.	Stix, Baer & Fuller
Tampa, Fla.	Wolf Bros.
Washington, D. C.	Erlebacher

Vogue Patterns

(Continued from pages 94-95; other views, yardages, details)



7184 7049

Left: Black velvet dress covered—lightly gathered skirt, inverted front pleat, optional contrasting collar. Vogue Pattern 7184. 10-16. Size 12: 4 yds. of 39/40" velvet; 2 yds. of 45" organdie. $1.50. Canada $1.65. *Right:* Black velvet dress bared—ankle-length version included. Carved-out neckline, button-and-loop shoulder closing. Vogue Pattern 7049. 10-16. Size 12: 3⅛ yds. of 39/40" velvet. $1.50. Canada $1.65.

VOGUE PATTERNS ARE AVAILABLE AT IMPORTANT SHOPS IN EVERY CITY OR BY MAIL FROM VOGUE PATTERN SERVICE, P. O. BOX 549, ALTOONA, PA. AND IN CANADA, AT P. O. BOX 4042, TERMINAL A, TORONTO 1, ONT. FOR FIRST CLASS MAIL, PLEASE ADD 10C FOR EACH PATTERN ORDERED. NOTE: CALIFORNIA AND PENNSYLVANIA RESIDENTS ADD SALES TAX

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